



Joe Klein on
What Petraeus
Didn't Say

Olympic Flames:
Why China's
Getting Burned



Joel Stein Stumbles
Through the
Napa Valley of Beer

TIME

How his
mother
made him
who he is

Raising Obama

BY AMANDA RIPLEY







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On the cover: Photograph courtesy of Obama for America. Insets, from left: Stefan Zaklin—EPA; David Bowman for TIME

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10 Questions.

He's a Carnegie Mellon professor with terminal cancer. His stirring final speech became an Internet sensation and the basis for a new book, *The Last Lecture*. **Randy Pausch will now take your questions**

From your lecture, you seem like a very modest person. How are you handling the adulation?

Vernon Hines, COLUMBIA, MD.
First off, I reject the premise. Anyone who knows me well will tell you that arrogance is one of my flaws. As for handling the response from people, this has been a tough time, and it has been greatly buoying to my spirits to have so many people rooting for me.

Do you believe that you were chosen to deliver a message of hope?

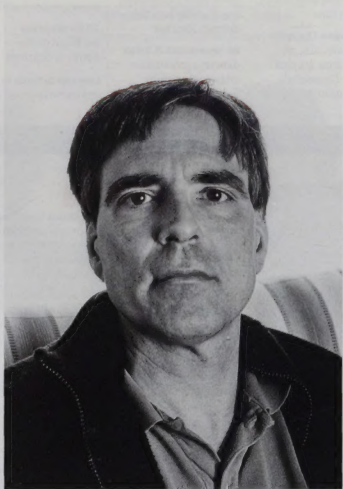
Catherine Pilie, NEW ORLEANS
Well, gosh, I've never really thought about that. I attribute it to bad luck and nothing else. Certainly if I had the choice, I'd give it all back if I could give the cancer back with it. I'm glad I am making the best of a bad situation, but I certainly would rather have not been in a bad situation to start with.

Are you leaving special letters or videos for your family?

Elizabeth Hicks, NORTH HILLS, CALIF.
Yes. One of the most important things is that children need to know they're loved. That's something that I am communicating very directly to them while I'm alive and something they can look at later on.

Have you given your wife permission to remarry?

Gbolohan Omotola, LAGOS
It's not my permission to give. But I will leave this message for my children [ages 6, 3 and



22 months]: If the time comes when she should remarry, you might have a lot of mixed feelings about that, and you're entitled to them all. If you're wondering how Dad felt, he wants Mom to be happy.

I'm 54 and have terminal cancer. I wanted to be an artist but ended up in IT. Do I keep working till I die? Do I quit and go to art school? Do I travel the world?

What the hell am I supposed to do?

Terry Asdell, INDIANAPOLIS
Everybody's situation is unique. From your description, I'd bet on art school.

My sister is dying of liver cancer. What can be done to find better cancer treatments?

Becca Hallock, CANTON, CONN.
Hard question. Pharmaceutical companies have a financial incentive to find a single drug that would beat a disease. But I

think with cancer we're seeing what we saw with AIDS. The answer is really in cocktails.

Have you looked at alternative remedies?

Dr. Julius Kryss, FRANKFURT, GERMANY
I've received 10,000 e-mails—that's a real number—many of them telling me about different remedies. But my first filter is, Has it been through any kind of clinical study? The plural of anecdote is not data, so if you know three people that did some alternative cure, that's positive, but it's not the same thing as real, clinically proved data.

I know you as a pioneer from when I took your computer-science class in college. What milestones in virtual reality do you want those who follow in your footsteps to reach?

Mathew Morton, BOSTON
Virtual reality thus far has focused on bizarre, interesting perceptual thrills. I'd like to see them move on and try to really tell interactive stories. How do you put the user in control? It's a nuanced problem that's going to take a lot of smart people working for a long, long time.

What can schools do to help students dream bigger?

Anna Wei, NEW YORK CITY
All universities ought to do a better job of encouraging students to take courses outside of their major. Dreams come from broadening your horizons and rubbing elbows with different kinds of people.

What music do you turn to for comfort?

Tatsuhiko Yamada, TOKYO
When you are going through chemotherapy, you can't listen to the theme from *Rocky* too many times. ■



VIDEO AT TIME.COM

For more from Professor Pausch and to subscribe to the 10 Questions podcast on iTunes, go to time.com/10questions



From here, we see

a rough, bumpy road

and a passenger who is

completely unaware of it.

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Postcard: London.

Among the travelers at Europe's busiest airport are a surprising number of homeless—and they're not going anywhere.

A night with Heathrow's down-and-out jet set

BY EBEN HARRELL

IT'S A FAMILIAR SCENE: 3 A.M. AT Heathrow Airport, and people are sprawled across plastic benches in various poses of contortion. To be in transit is to be disconnected, but for some of those sleeping here, the rootlessness is not temporary. Each night, scores of London's homeless men and women take advantage of modern travel delays by posing as stranded passengers in order to sleep in a warm, safe place. They play a cat-and-mouse game with police, often donning floral shirts, fanny packs and other travel accessories to blend in. And their increasing ability to disappear in Heathrow's swelling crowds of delayed passengers—bolstered last month by the glitch-plagued opening of a new terminal—has prompted the airport to try a new approach.

In February, Heathrow commissioned Broadway, a local homeless-outreach organization, to visit the airport once a week in order to survey its homeless population and try to coax them into alternative accommodations. In the first four weeks alone, Broadway conducted a hundred interviews with homeless people at the airport, and although the group spoke with some more than once, the number was far higher than expected.

One night in March, I joined Jeff Motunde, a Nigerian-born Broadway outreach worker, and police officers for a survey of Heathrow's homeless. Those contacted included a man sleeping under his coat, another conspicuously hiding behind an open newspaper, and a woman clutching a duty-free bag who insisted she was waiting for a flight, only to whisper when police were out of earshot, "I can't afford electricity. It's warm here. Please let me stay."

Like many legitimate travelers, Heathrow's homeless are in search of escape—from debts, from legal troubles,



Lost in the crowd Heathrow's "rough sleepers" have blended in amid its masses of stranded flyers

from family responsibilities. They often have mental-health or substance-abuse problems, and they often refuse help. During the day, some travel into London to beg, busk or take drugs, while others remain in the airport, scrounging food from sympathetic restaurant workers. "When I came from Africa, I couldn't believe people could be homeless in Britain," says Motunde. "But I discovered that homelessness is a way of life. It can be very difficult to convince people to change and receive help."

"Rough sleepers," as homeless people are known in Britain, are sheltering incognito at many of the world's major airports, says Sandie Cox of Heathrow Travel Care, the organization overseeing the one-year pilot scheme. Chicago's O'Hare instituted a homeless outreach in the 1990s. Several others, including Newark-Liberty in New Jersey and Los Angeles' LAX, have done the same. Heathrow, the busiest airport in Europe, has more delays than most major hubs; the catalog of errors accompanying the March 27 opening of the \$8.5 billion Terminal 5—including some

250 canceled flights and 28,000 pieces of misplaced baggage—has provided even more effective camouflage for the airport's invisible underclass. Still, ingenuity is a necessity for Heathrow's homeless to avoid police detection, although options are often limited. "I thought about disguising myself as a passenger, but I have a bit of what you might call a luggage issue," 65-year-old Joseph explains, pointing to a shopping cart of bulging plastic bags. "They are hardly Louis Vuitton."

Of the half a dozen homeless who agreed to follow up with social care during my visit, it is possible that none will check into temporary accommodations, Motunde says. It's likely that many will stay at the airport until they are arrested or become ill. They are beneficiaries of the democratization of flight: gone are the days when you could identify British air travelers by their neat suits and shiny shoes. Two scruffy passengers we discovered curled in the corner of a remote bath-room turned out to be holding tickets to LAX. They had chosen their spot because it was the only place they could find that had an outlet to charge their handheld video-game console.

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Inbox

The Debate on Clean Energy

WHILE MICHAEL GRUNWALD'S ARTICLE ON the emerging ethanol industry was both chilling and truthful, it's damaging to demonize the global effort to develop clean fuels as "myth," "scam" and "hype" [April 7]. It is no myth that thousands of scientists and their teams are working feverishly to create biofuels such as ethanol, biodiesel and biobutanol from nonfood plants grown on land unsuitable for food production. We could not have landed on the moon without first launching at Kitty Hawk. We're getting better at this every day.

Mark Beyer, DETROIT

YOUR COVER STORY PROVIDES A DISTORTED, inaccurate picture of biofuels. The overwhelming body of data demonstrates the carbon benefits of biofuels. For every unit of energy it takes to make domestic biodiesel, 3.5 units are gained, giving biodiesel the highest energy balance of any liquid fuel. It also has a 78% life-cycle carbon dioxide reduction. In 2007 alone, biodiesel's contribution to reducing greenhouse-gas emissions was the equivalent of removing 700,000 passenger vehicles from America's roadways. The U.S. biodiesel industry strongly opposes rain-forest destruction and nonsustainable agricultural practices. It is implementing a major initiative to enhance the overall sustainability of biodiesel production. Biodiesel increases our renewable-energy supply, adds well-

ON ETHANOL AND ARMS

MICHAEL GRUNWALD SEEMS TO forget that fossil fuels like oil are in finite supply. Does he also forget

LETTER
FROM A
FARMER

that they are secured by putting our military in harm's way? Let me offer

a couple of thoughts about value. In 1998 a barrel of oil bought five bushels of corn; today it buys about 19 bushels. Since no one would disagree that feeding a person for a full year is more important than filling an SUV with ethanol, why hasn't the price of crops as food reflected this? As farmers across the Midwest say when hearing about the cost of biofuel crops, "I can't recall when we needed the military to guard our cornfields." Can Big Oil say the same?

Michael Piske, BANGOR, WIS.

paying, green jobs to the economy and reduces carbons and other emissions. I am proud to work in an industry that addresses these critical issues facing our nation and world.

Joe Jobe, CEO, National Biodiesel Board
JEFFERSON CITY, MO.

I KNEW IT! THANK YOU FOR THE IN-DEPTH reporting on the ethanol and biofuel rip-off. Are we as a nation so inept? Can't we

'When I pay \$4 for a cup of joe [at Starbucks], I expect them to ask about my day, not subject me to news of their disastrous dates.'

Mary Sellers, ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.



In need of a jolt With new competition, a sagging economy and buzz-hungry consumers, Starbucks is trying hard to woo back its base



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"My routine never
changes. Fill up with
a quick break-
fast and a tank

of gas. Pay for
parking and buy a
couple of newspa-
pers to read on the
train. Finally a
brief stop
for a large

coffee, black. And just
when I think that all
this spending has
become awfully
routine, I realize

I've saved enough to-
wards spending time
away from it all. I am
off to DC. for a more
monumental adventure."

figure out why prices for eggs and other groceries have gone up 30% in the past year? Please keep on top of this issue.

David Jennings, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

FACE IT: THERE'S NO ONE FUEL PANACEA, and in the final analysis, humans will have to scale back their numbers in order to live within a finite fossil- (or even renewable-) fuel world. And good luck with that.

William L. Seavey, CAMBRIA, CALIF.

WHY DOESN'T OUR GOVERNMENT TELL THE tobacco growers to replace 10% of their crops with corn or soybeans? If they did this for 10 years, we could lower the rate of the nation's No. 1 preventable cause of death—smoking—while providing more sources for biofuel. Of course, politicians from tobacco-growing states would never allow this.

Gary Dillingham, HOMER, N.Y.

So It Goes

DICK CHENEY'S MONOSYLLABIC RESPONSE of "So?" when he was asked about the two-thirds of Americans who oppose the Iraq war suggests he is more committed to forcing democracy on Iraq than to practicing it in this country [April 7].

Roy Hartzler, NEW PARIS, IND.

Gore-Obama

JOE KLEIN'S ARTICLE PROVIDES A REFRESHING alternative to the dismal prospects facing Democrats in the current campaign. Al Gore has proven himself on a global playing field. Can the ordinary citizen be so strong as to bypass the delegates' nominee and write in Gore on the ballot in November?

Barbara Sturman, LEXINGTON, KY.

KLEIN STATES THAT THE AFRICAN AMERICANS who support Barack Obama will sulk and stay home if Hillary Clinton is nominated [April 7]. What does he think we women feel? Although millions of us are angry that Obama couldn't wait four more years, we are not unwise enough to sulk, stay home or vote for John McCain.

Cecilie K. Bodnar, CANANDAIGUA, N.Y.

Inbox

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

■ An article in TIME's April 7 story on the 50th anniversary of the peace symbol misspelled the last name of the author of *Peace: A Biography of a Symbol*. He is Ken Kolsbun.

Media Circus

I AM A LOYAL FOX NEWS VIEWER BECAUSE it is the only station that offers two viewpoints [April 7]. That's more than I can say about any other news network.

Cheryl Conroy, LEESBURG, IND.

YOU FOLKS STILL DON'T GET IT: FOX NEWS is not about George W. Bush. It's about an alternative for independent moderates and conservatives to the overwhelmingly liberal media.

Snow Taylor, RICHMOND, VA.

To Quit or Not to Quit

I'M GLAD CLINTON COMES FROM A FAMILY in which quitting is not an option [April 7], but forging ahead without integrity is simply wrong. Many people believe they are the best person for any job. But to subvert the mandate of the voters and try to influence delegates directly will do irreparable harm to the country, the Democratic Party and the integrity of the process.

Adam Signore, MEDWAY, MASS.

I SHARE SENATOR CLINTON'S DISMAY OVER Democratic officials' putting aside their own judgment in favor of their children's enthusiastic support for Obama. Young people are enthusiastic about fast cars and loud music too, but that is no reason to embrace them.

Ann Gardner, DOVER, DEL.

The Buzz on Starbucks

IF STARBUCKS WANTS TO GET ITS COMPANY back on track, it must first realize who purchases its addictive creations [April 7]. I am one of the company's slipping middle-class customers who have felt the nation's recent economic downturn in their wallet. I must justify which is more important, a latte or a gallon of gas?

William R. Traxler, PINCONNING, MICH.

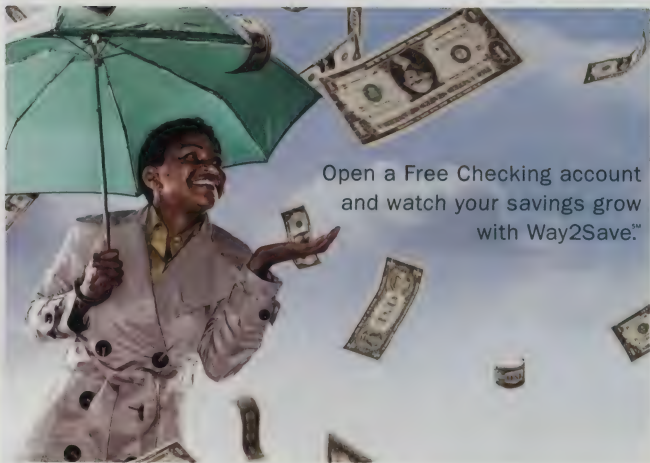
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The TIME 100. To help select the world's most influential people, previous honorees offer their nominations when asked, **Who should be on this year's list?**



Elie Wiesel

Nobel laureate, humanitarian, activist, Holocaust survivor and author of more than 40 books, including *Night*



Hayek



Redlener



Paul



I respectfully nominate **Maurice Lévy**, CEO of Publicis, an outstanding international figure in marketing and advertising and an influential personality at the highest levels of government and business. He is well informed, intelligent and warm.



Alicia Keys

Pianist, singer, songwriter, actress and spokeswoman for the AIDS organization *Keep a Child Alive*



Paul Simon

Once a partner in one of folk music's greatest duos, he is a co-founder of the Children's Health Fund



LeBron James

Drafted out of high school five years ago by Cleveland as the year's first overall pick, he now leads the NBA in scoring

Salma Hayek is one of the most interesting, intelligent and compassionate people I've ever met. She is not only an incredibly talented actress but also a dedicated philanthropist who is raising awareness of violence against women that most know nothing about.

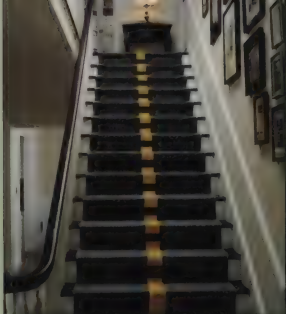
Dr. Irwin Redlener is one of the foremost advocates for children's health in the U.S. and an authority on preparedness for disasters. He co-founded the Children's Health Fund, which runs the Gulf's largest and longest-operating post-Katrina pediatric program.

Chris Paul is an extraordinary athlete and a special person. An NBA Rookie of the Year, he understands the importance of giving back to the community. His CP3 Foundation has played a big part in New Orleans' recovery. He has made a real difference for families in need.



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IT'S HOW WE SEE THE ROAD. Honda took a very different approach to the making of the new Accord. It isn't a car named after its designer. Or a number, a place or a feeling. It's a promise to the person behind the wheel. To connect the way you live to the way you drive, bringing you the kind of car that doesn't just commute, it completes.

Everything in the new Accord is guided by human consideration, carefully arranged for the kind of access that feels instinctive. The available navigation screen is tucked back within the center console, out of the sun's glare, making it easier on the eyes. Its primary controls have been consolidated into a single, user-friendly dial. Even the unique design of the engine reflects the utmost dedication to the driver. With an available 268 hp, complete with a conscientious ultra-low emission rating, the engine sits on specially designed bushings, so that it turns when you turn. Unifying the road, the driver and the car, as one.



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Briefing

THE MOMENT



The Reckoning. As the Senate debates the war's future, the President confronts its cost

"SHOW ME A HERO," F. SCOTT Fitzgerald dared us, "and I will write you a tragedy." For Navy SEAL Michael Monsoor, heroism and tragedy arrived together, when the grenade thrown onto the Ramadi rooftop he patrolled bounced off his chest; he could escape—and let it kill his two comrades—or throw himself on top of it and trade his life for theirs.

The Medal of Honor, President George W. Bush said at the White House on April 8, when he presented it to Monsoor's parents, is "awarded for an act of such courage that no

one could rightly be expected to undertake it." The ceremony unfolded on the eve of the fifth anniversary of the fall of Baghdad and on a day of Senate hearings on the progress of the war. Half a world away, the streets of the Iraqi capital were empty under a military curfew to prevent car bombings. Down Pennsylvania Avenue, Democrats and Republicans competed over who could describe the early conduct of the war in the most devastating terms, even as they debated where to go from here and what it would take to get there.

This was war and remembrance in three-part harmony. Above all, the doubt and division toll the bell for the soldier whose valor, at least, was invulnerable.

Bush is home from his last long tour abroad; the political world is focused on the race to succeed him; his lieutenants

'There is no way to know how Bush processes the price of his policies.'

are leaving to write books explaining all that was not their fault. There is no way to know what he makes of this or how he processes the price of his policies. But the Tuesday medal ceremony, when he stood by

George and Sally Monsoor and told Michael's story, provided a glimpse—not of a President with any doubt of the justice of his cause but certainly of a man reckoning with its cost. Bush talked about the rebellious little boy who grew into a resourceful and remarkable man before he died on that roof on St. Michael's Day, Sept. 29, 2006. "America owes you a debt that can never be repaid," he told Monsoor's parents, and as the full citation was read, Bush's eyes narrowed and glimmered, then his face reddened and shook as the tears fell, and it was all he could do to keep his hands at his sides, until he could not any longer and put an arm around the fallen soldier's mother. —BY NANCY GIBBS ■



AS
A championship



RHINE RIVER, GERMANY
Russian space shuttle Buran 002 to go on display at museum



NAIROBI, KENYA
Police and opposition-party supporters clash in streets



Rice up 40%

SIERRA LEONE Oil prices have made food even less affordable in a nation facing its lowest food reserves in 30 years.



Pasta up 14%

ITALY Wheat shortages have led to pasta protests and turned spaghetti into a political issue in Italy ahead of its election.



Dairy up 12%

PHILIPPINES Increased food demand by China and India has forced some Asian countries to institute economic sanctions.



Bread up 10%

AUSTRALIA A six-year drought has taken a toll on what is normally one of the world's largest wheat producers.



SYSTEMIC CRACKS

Hundreds of flights have so far been canceled as a result of inspection audits by the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA). Now the air-safety agency itself is embroiled in controversy. With the help of FAA whistle-blowers, Congress is investigating the agency's alleged complicity in regulatory lapses. At least one FAA official has been reassigned.

CHILD WELFARE

A Crackdown Gets Complicated

On April 3, Texas authorities raided a breakaway Mormon sect's compound following allegations by a 16-year-old girl of sexual and physical abuse. More than 400 children were removed from the ranch in the state's largest-ever child-welfare operation.



LEGAL LIMBO With the girl in question yet to be identified and her alleged abuser found living in a different state, lawyers for the sect—which is led by jailed polygamist Warren Jeffs—have moved to stop the search on constitutional grounds. The children are currently in foster care.

TIMELINE

The Never-Ending Story

After 11 years and multiple investigations, the latest verdict by a British jury may be the final word on Princess Diana's death:



AUG. 31, 1997 Diana and boyfriend Dodi al Fayed are killed when their chauffeured Mercedes crashes in a Parisian tunnel after being chased by paparazzi.



SEPTEMBER 1999 After a two-year investigation by French authorities, a 6,000-page report is published that holds driver Henri Paul responsible. Dodi's father, Egyptian businessman Mohamed al Fayed, claims the couple were murdered in a conspiracy involving the British royal family.

JANUARY 2004 A British investigation is commissioned.

DECEMBER 2006 The investigation, at a cost of \$7.2 million, comes to a close. Paul's drunk driving, aggressive paparazzi and the victims' failure to wear seat belts are identified as the causes of death.

OCTOBER 2007 A separate inquest begins in London, following a three-year postponement, to further investigate the case.

APRIL 2008 After hearing more than 240 witnesses over six months, the 11 jurors reach conclusions similar to the '06 findings: claims of conspiracy are dismissed.

The Page

BY MARK HALPERIN



Mark Halperin reports from the campaign every day on thepage.time.com

The Age Factor



John McCain was born in 1936. And so were:



Singer Buddy Holly



Congresswoman Barbara Jordan



Activist Abbie Hoffman



Ballplayer Don Drysdale



Singer Roy Orbison



Barack Obama was born in 1961. And so were:



Weatherman Sam Champion



Actor Scott Balo



Writer Aaron Sorkin



Actress Meg Ryan



Singer Toby Keith

JOHN MCCAIN IS EXTRAORDINARILY energetic for a 71-year-old; Barack Obama is remarkably grounded for a 46-year-old. But strategists for both candidates say that age

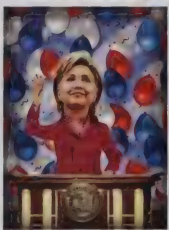
could be an issue in a possible general-election face-off—although each camp sees it as a bigger problem for the other guy. At a time when the electorate seeks change, Obama's

advisers say, it will not turn to a man who has worked in Washington for decades. McCain's aides are convinced they can win the cardinal argument about the necessity

of experience. Historically, campaign gaffes have made age an issue: Bob Dole's tumble off a stage and Brooklyn Dodgers reminiscences underscored his old-timer status during the 1996 campaign, while Dan Quayle's deer-in-the-headlights moments in 1992 convinced some that he wasn't ready to be Vice President.

Voters might well wonder if McCain will fade in the White House—or if Obama has the seasoning for the office. So far, both candidates have kept the age issue at bay. McCain can discuss pop culture as fluidly and astutely as any politician. (He also benefits from terrific genes: note his lively 96-year-old mother Roberta.) Obama, for his part, has projected gravitas and judgment—and has rallied a flood of young voters who could offset those still wary of the new whippersnapper.

Deadlock in Denver? With the nominee undecided, Democrats could face a rocky convention



FOR DEMOCRATS, THIS is a springtime of disadvantage. Even if the party settles on a presidential candidate by June, John McCain will have already had a three-month jump on organizing the Republican Convention, hiring staff, raising funds and building a campaign machine. But if

the nomination fight goes all the way to August's Democratic Convention in Denver, it could become a summer of disarray. Some Democrats worry about what Barack Obama's campaign manager David Plouffe calls a "nightmare scenario," in which both campaigns would haggle with the Democratic National

Committee over speakers, delegate rules, the party platform and the critical issue of when to schedule roll-call votes. For a party with a reputation for disorganization, divergent agendas could mean chaos. Instead of being able to script the convention as a four-day coronation of their presidential nominee—the norm in recent

elections—Democrats would be putting on a weeklong advertisement of their disunity.

Even if one of the candidates drops out by June, Plouffe says, "there's not going to be any basking in the sun when you become the nominee. You're going to have about 30 seconds" to enjoy the victory before turning to general-election planning. Still, he says, McCain's head start "is not going to be fatal. It is just a challenge."

Leah Daughtry, the chief executive officer for the Democratic Convention, believes the party will have a nominee in time to make the necessary decisions regarding the organization (and, more important, the television broadcast) of the convention. Yet she acknowledges, "We wouldn't be good convention planners if we didn't plan for every scenario, A through Z."

There's relief for pain like this. Ask your doctor about Lyrica®.



LYRICA
PREGABALIN®
DESIGNED FOR RELIEF

Do you feel stabbing pain in your feet? Or tingling, numbness, shooting or burning sensations? If so, you may have painful neuropathy, also known as nerve pain. This type of pain is different from musculoskeletal (muscle or joint) pain, and may need a different type of treatment. Only Lyrica (pronounced LEER-i-kah) is FDA-approved to treat two of the most common types of nerve pain, Diabetic Nerve Pain and Pain after Shingles. Lyrica is specially designed to provide the relief you need. It works on the nerves that cause this pain. So you can start to think about other things besides your pain. Ask your doctor if Lyrica can help. Lyrica is one of several treatment options for you and your doctor to consider.

Prescription Lyrica is not for everyone. Tell your doctor right away about any serious allergic reaction that causes swelling of the face, mouth, lips, gums, tongue or neck or affects your breathing or your skin. Also tell your doctor about any changes in your eyesight, including blurry vision, muscle pain along with a fever or tired feeling, skin sores due to diabetes or if you are planning to father a child. Some of the most common side effects of Lyrica are dizziness and sleepiness. Others are weight gain, blurry vision, dry mouth, feeling "high," swelling of hands and feet and trouble concentrating. You may have a higher chance of swelling, hives or gaining weight if you are also taking certain diabetes or high blood pressure medicines. Do not drive or operate machinery until you know how Lyrica affects you. Do not drink alcohol while taking Lyrica. Be especially careful about medicines that make you sleepy. If you have had a drug or alcohol problem, you may be more likely to misuse Lyrica. Talk with your doctor before you stop taking Lyrica or any other prescription medication.

Please see important patient information on adjacent pages.

To learn more visit www.lyrica.com or call toll-free 1-888-9-LYRICA (1-888-959-7422).

**You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA.
Visit www.FDA.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088.**

Lyrice® (pregabalin) Capsules C (LEER-i-kah)

Read the Patient Information that comes with LYRICA before you start taking it and each time you get a refill. There may be new information. This leaflet does not take the place of talking with your doctor about your condition or treatment. If you have any questions about LYRICA, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

What is the most important information I should know about LYRICA?

- LYRICA may cause serious allergic reactions.**
 - Call your doctor right away if you think you have any of the following symptoms of a serious allergic reaction:
 - swelling of the face, mouth, lips, gums, tongue or neck
 - have any trouble breathing
 - Other allergic reactions may include rash, hives and blisters.
- LYRICA may cause dizziness and sleepiness.**
 - Do not drive a car, work with machines, or do other dangerous activities until you know how LYRICA affects how alert you are. Ask your doctor when it is okay to do these activities.
- LYRICA may cause problems with your eyesight, including blurry vision.**
 - Call your doctor if you have any changes in your eyesight.

What is LYRICA?

LYRICA is a prescription medicine used in adults, 18 years and older, to treat:

- pain from damaged nerves (neuropathic pain) that happens with diabetes
- pain from damaged nerves (neuropathic pain) that follows healing of shingles (a painful rash that comes after a herpes zoster infection)
- partial seizures when taken together with other seizure medicines
- fibromyalgia

LYRICA has not been studied in children under 18 years of age.

Pain from Damaged Nerves (neuropathic pain)

Diabetes and shingles can damage your nerves. Pain from damaged nerves may feel sharp, burning, tingling, shooting, or numb. If you have diabetes, the pain can be in your arms, hands, fingers, legs, feet, or toes. If you have shingles, the pain is in the area of your rash. You may experience this kind of pain even with a very light touch. LYRICA can help relieve the pain. Some people taking LYRICA had less pain by the end of the first week of LYRICA therapy. LYRICA may not work for everyone.

Partial Seizures

Partial seizures start in one part of the brain. A seizure can make you fearful, confused, or just feel "funny". You may smell strange smells. A seizure may cause your arm or leg to jerk or shake. It can spread to other parts of your brain, make you pass out, and cause your whole body to start jerking.

LYRICA can lower the number of seizures for people who are already taking seizure medicine.

Fibromyalgia

Fibromyalgia is a condition which includes widespread muscle pain and difficulty performing daily activities. LYRICA can help relieve the pain and improve function. Some people taking LYRICA had less pain by the end of the first week of LYRICA therapy. LYRICA may not work for everyone.

Who Should Not Take LYRICA?

Do not take LYRICA if you are allergic to any of its ingredients. The active ingredient is pregabalin. See the end of this leaflet for a complete list of ingredients in LYRICA.

What should I tell my doctor before taking LYRICA?

Tell your doctor about all your medical conditions, including if you:

- have any kidney problems or get kidney dialysis
- have heart problems including heart failure
- have a bleeding problem or a low blood platelet count
- are pregnant or plan to become pregnant. It is not known if LYRICA may harm your unborn baby. You and your doctor will have to decide if LYRICA is right for you while you are pregnant.
- are breastfeeding. It is not known if LYRICA passes into breast milk and if it can harm your baby. You and your doctor should decide whether you should take LYRICA or breastfeed, but not both.

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take including prescription or non-prescription medicines, vitamins or herbal supplements. LYRICA and other medicines may affect each other. Especially tell your doctor if you take:

- angiotensin converting enzyme (ACE) inhibitors. You may have a higher chance for swelling and hives if these medicines are taken with LYRICA. See "What is the most important information I should know about LYRICA?"
- Avandia® (rosiglitazone) or Actos® (pioglitazone) for diabetes. You may have a higher chance of weight gain or swelling if these medicines are taken with LYRICA. See "What are the possible side effects of LYRICA."
- any narcotic pain medicine (such as oxycodone), tranquilizers or medicines for anxiety (such as lorazepam). You may have a higher chance for dizziness and sleepiness if these medicines are taken with LYRICA. See "What is the most important information I should know about LYRICA?"
- any medicines that make you sleepy

Know all the medicines you take. Keep a list of them with you to show your doctor and pharmacist each time you get a new medicine.

Tell your doctor if you plan to father a child. Animal studies showed that pregabalin, the active ingredient in LYRICA, made male animals less fertile and caused sperm abnormalities. Also, in animal studies, birth defects occurred in the offspring of male animals who were treated with pregabalin. It is not known if these effects would happen in people.

How should I take LYRICA?

- Take LYRICA exactly as prescribed. Your doctor may adjust your dose during treatment. Do not change your dose without talking to your doctor.

- **Do not stop taking LYRICA suddenly without talking to your doctor.** If you stop taking LYRICA suddenly, you may have headaches, nausea, diarrhea or trouble sleeping. Talk with your doctor about how to slowly stop LYRICA.
- LYRICA is usually taken 2 or 3 times a day, depending on your medical condition. Your doctor will tell you how much LYRICA to take and when to take it. Take LYRICA at the same times each day.
- LYRICA may be taken with or without food.
- If you miss a dose by a few hours, take it as soon as you remember. If it is close to your next dose, just take LYRICA at your next regular time. **Do not** take two doses at the same time.
- If you take too much LYRICA, call your doctor or poison control center or go to the nearest emergency room right away.

What Should I Avoid While Taking LYRICA?

- **Do not drive a car, work with machines, or do other dangerous activities until you know how LYRICA affects how alert you are.** See "What is the most important information I should know about LYRICA?"
- **Do not drink alcohol while taking LYRICA.** LYRICA and alcohol can affect each other and increase side effects such as sleepiness and dizziness. This can be dangerous.

Do not take other medicines without talking to your doctor.

Other medicines include prescription and non-prescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. LYRICA and other medicines may affect each other and increase the side effects of swelling, sleepiness and dizziness. Be especially careful about medicines that make you sleepy (such as sleeping pills, anxiety medicines, tranquilizers and some antihistamines, pain relievers and seizure medicines).

What are the possible side effects of LYRICA?

LYRICA may cause side effects including:

- **allergic reactions.** See "What is the most important information I should know about LYRICA?"
- **weight gain and swelling of the hands and feet (edema).** Weight gain may affect the management of diabetes. Weight gain and swelling can also be a serious problem for people with heart problems.
- **dizziness and sleepiness.** See "What is the most important information I should know about LYRICA?"
- **eyesight problems.** See "What is the most important information I should know about LYRICA?"
- **unexplained muscle problems, such as muscle pain, soreness, or weakness.** If you develop these symptoms, especially if you also feel sick and have a fever, tell your doctor right away.

The most common side effects of LYRICA are:

- dizziness
- blurry vision
- weight gain
- sleepiness
- trouble concentrating
- swelling of hands and feet
- dry mouth

LYRICA caused skin sores in animals. Although skin sores were not seen in studies in people, if you have diabetes, you should pay extra attention to your skin while taking LYRICA and tell your doctor of any sores or skin problems.

LYRICA may cause some people to feel "high." Tell your doctor, if you have abused prescription medicines, street drugs, or alcohol in the past.

Tell your doctor about any side effect that bothers you or that does not go away.

These are not all the side effects of LYRICA. For more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

How should I store LYRICA?

- Store LYRICA at room temperature, 59 to 86° F (15 to 30° C) in its original package.
- Safely throw away LYRICA that is out of date or no longer needed.
- **Keep LYRICA and all medicines out of the reach of children.**

General information about LYRICA

Medicines are sometimes prescribed for conditions other than those listed in patient information leaflets. Do not use LYRICA for a condition for which it was not prescribed. Do not give LYRICA to other people, even if they have the same symptoms you have. It may harm them.

This leaflet summarizes the most important information about LYRICA. If you would like more information, talk with your doctor. You can ask your doctor or pharmacist for information about LYRICA that is written for health professionals.

You can also visit the LYRICA website at www.LYRICA.com or call 1-866-4LYRICA.

What are the ingredients in LYRICA?

Active ingredient: pregabalin

Inactive ingredients: lactose monohydrate, cornstarch, talc;

Capsule shell: gelatin and titanium dioxide; Orange capsule shell: red iron oxide; White capsule shell: sodium lauryl sulfate, colloidal silicon dioxide. Colloidal silicon dioxide is a manufacturing aid that may or may not be present in the capsule shells.

Imprinting ink: shellac, black iron oxide, propylene glycol, potassium hydroxide.

Manufactured by:
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Vega Baja, PR 00694

LAB-0299-5.0

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June 2007

Verbatim

'In all seriousness, this is really quite unfair.'

ALAN GREENSPAN, former U.S. Federal Reserve Chairman, on his policies being blamed for the nation's economic woes



'Our readiness is being consumed as fast as we build it.'

GENERAL RICHARD A. CODY, Army Vice Chief of Staff, testifying before the Senate Armed Services Committee on the strain on U.S. forces in Iraq and Afghanistan



'The people are afraid of the government, but the government is as afraid of the people.'

ABDEL WAHAB EL-MESSERY, an organizer with Kifaya, an Egyptian opposition coalition, on the recent demonstrations and riots signaling discontent with President Hosni Mubarak's government

'I have absolutely nothing against rich people.'

HILLARY CLINTON, Democratic presidential hopeful, after the release of her and Bill Clinton's tax return documents showed that the couple have earned \$109 million over the past seven years



'We are not the 51st state of the United States of America.'

BOB BROWN, leader of the Australian Greens party, criticizing Prime Minister Kevin Rudd for a playful salute he gave President Bush at a NATO summit. Critics say the gesture suggested subservience to Washington

'Pavarotti's great career therefore ended with a virtual performance, something sad but inevitable.'

LEONE MAGIERA, right, Luciano Pavarotti's longtime pianist and conductor, revealing that the opera singer lip-synched his final public performance at the opening of the 2006 Winter Olympics



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Sources: Wall Street Journal; New Yorker; New York Times; BP 12; Guardian

NUMBERS

DOMESTICITY

7

Number of extra hours of housework per week performed by married women in the U.S., compared with single women. According to a new study, the overall amount of housework done by women dropped 35% between 1976 and 2005

1

Number of extra hours of housework per week that single men do, compared with married men

FOOTWEAR

\$79

Average cost of a pair of Crocs footwear in Israel



\$3.60

Cost of a pair of pirated, Chinese-made Crocs being sold to Palestinians

HIGHER EDUCATION

100 years

Age of the world's oldest master's of business administration program. Harvard offered its first M.B.A. courses in 1908

500,000

Expected number of M.B.A. graduates globally in 2008. In China, the number has gone from zero to 30,000 in the past decade

INTERNET

\$2.6 million

Amount paid to 43-year-old Maryland resident Chris Clark for the domain name Pizza.com. Clark bought it for \$20 in 1994

2,156

Number of "cybersquatting" complaints a U.N. intellectual-property watchdog agency received in 2007, up nearly 50% since 2005. These complaints charge some domain owners with abusing online trademark registration

Sources: University of Michigan Institute for Social Research (1); International Herald Tribune (2); Financial Times (3); BBN; Reuters



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YOU DESERVE SPECIAL TREATMENT.

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- Lifetime renewal guarantee
- Top-quality claim service
- Average savings \$500

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Make your experience on the road work for you. If you've been accident-free for five years, or you've taken a voluntary defensive driving course, you could save on your premium. Stay accident-free with GEICO, and you may qualify for a surcharge waiver. That means your rates won't increase as a result of your next accident.

LIFETIME RENEWAL GUARANTEE

Wouldn't it be nice never to worry about your insurance coverage? At GEICO, we believe in long-term relationships. That's why we offer the security of a GEICO Prime Time Policy with lifetime renewal guarantee. You'll feel safe and protected. And no one can take that away from you.

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GEICO will take care of your claim at one of more than 1,800 claim locations around the country, or we can come to you if your car can't be driven. Our adjusters settle many claims within 48 hours and can often write you a check on the spot. You can even track the details of your claim online — whether or not you're insured with GEICO.

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If you'd like to speak with a GEICO representative face-to-face, we have more than 100 locations around the U.S. for your convenience. Check your yellow pages or visit **geico.com/local** to find a GEICO representative near you.

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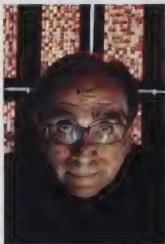
1-800-947-AUTO

or call your local office.

Lifetime renewal guarantee is available to policyholders with the GEICO Prime Time Policy. To qualify, policyholders or their spouses must be over 50. All operators of vehicles insured under the policy must be at least 25 and physically and mentally able to safely operate an automobile. Prime Time Policy is not available in all states.

Average savings based on GEICO New Policyholder Survey Data through August 2006. Some discounts, coverages, payment plans, and features are not available in all states or in all GEICO companies: Government Employees Insurance Co. • GEICO General Insurance Co. • GEICO Indemnity Co. • GEICO Casualty Co. These companies are subsidiaries of Berkshire Hathaway Inc. GEICO auto insurance is not available in Mass. GEICO: Washington, DC 20076 © 2006 GEICO

People



Q & A

Talking with R.L. Stine

After taking an eight-year hiatus from his best-selling children's stories, the *Goosebumps* author is back this month with the first two books in a new 12-book series.

Was it good to return to writing *Goosebumps* books?
I wrote 87 of them—that's a lot of books for a human—and I never really planned to do more. But now I'm having a lot of fun with it.

Why did you choose a theme park as the setting for your new series? It's a great setting for scariness because so many things can go wrong. I also like to use humor, and I think there's this really close connection between humor and horror. It's like when you go to an amusement park and you get close to a roller coaster, and you hear people laughing and screaming at the same time.

Were you into horror as a kid?
My brother and I used to go to scary movies all the time. But now I never get scared at movies or by books. At a scary movie, I'm always laughing.

Have you ever written a book that's been too scary for kids? Once I wrote a book with an unhappy ending—the bad girl won, and the good girl was accused of murder. Kids hated this book. They hated it. And I got all this mail: "Dear R.L. Stine, You moron, are you going to write a sequel?" They could not accept it.



Bobby's blame game

BOBBY BROWN says in a new memoir that ex-wife **WHITNEY HOUSTON** introduced him to hard drugs. Houston declined to respond, saying she didn't want to "speak badly" of the father of her daughter.

Yoko's lonely-hearts club

YOKO ONO feels Heather Mills' pain. John Lennon's widow sympathized with Paul McCartney's ex during a trip to England, noting that life as a Beatle's spouse can be difficult. "Heather needs to do her very best and try to survive," Ono said.



CELEBRITY ROUNDUP

Commissioned. **RALPH LAUREN**, to outfit the U.S. Olympic team in Beijing

Retracted. A Los Angeles Times story linking **SEAN (DIDDY) COMBS** to the 1994 shooting death of rapper Tupac Shakur, which had relied on faked documents

Signed on. British rocker **ELVIS COSTELLO**, to host a talk show for the Sundance Channel

Confirmed. A **NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK** reunion—their first in 14 years—to produce a new album, due out this summer

Planning to wed. Rapper **REMY MA**, to fiancé and fellow rapper Papoose, as she awaits sentencing at Rikers Island jail



Leo gets greener

Actor, producer and environmentalist **LEONARDO DICAPRIO** has already made a film about climate change. Now he plans to move into an eco-friendly condo in New York City. The new, 264-unit building boasts nontoxic low-emission paint, a 24-hour fresh-filtered-air system, a water treatment facility and rotating solar panels.

Milestones

DIED HIS BREAK-DANCING in the 1983 movie *Flashdance* helped turn an urban art form from the streets of the Bronx and Harlem into an international phenomenon, but **Wayne Frost**, also known as "Frosty Freeze," had been developing his signature style since the 1970s, later joining the influential Rock Steady Crew. He appeared as the face of the break-dancing craze on the cover of the *Village Voice* and later performed in the movie *Beat Street*. An acrobatic, charismatic dancer, Frost created gravity-defying moves that persist today as some of the most challenging and daring in hip-hop, like the "suicide," in which a dancer must land a full flip flat on his back. He died at 44 after a long illness.

■ HER "INVISIBLE SCULPTURES"—areas of blank space annotated with short, evocative written descriptions—defied the accepted notions of visual art well before such challenges became common practice among her peers. And when **Eugenia Butler** did explore physical media, she maintained her dedication to the provocative and at times discomforting. *My Last Museum Piece*, her 2003 reprise of an original 1969 work, consisted

of a huge, clear plastic ball, its interior smeared with honey and buzzing with captive flies. She suffered a brain hemorrhage at age 61.

■ THE RICH RED AND ORANGE hues of the giant murals of **Josef Miki** breathed new life into Vienna's 18th century Redoutensaal concert hall. In addition to winning praise for his abstract works in sculpture, drawing and painting, Miki helped reinvigorated the art community and heal its wounds following the Nazi era in his native Austria. He was 78.

■ HAILED AS ONE OF SPAIN'S greatest cinematic talents, screenwriter **Rafael Azcona** penned nearly 100 scripts over his prolific career, including



several enduring works that examined his homeland's troubled past. Among the many tales he spun out of the jarring legacy of the Spanish Civil War, *Belle Époque* earned him an Oscar for Best Screenplay in 1992. The film, which marked the first major leading role of fellow Spaniard Penélope



Cruz, harked back to a less complicated time, on the eve of dictator Francisco Franco's rise. With a deft ability to move between drama and levity, innocence and anguish, he is credited with inspiring anew Spaniards' passion for film in the postwar era. He was 81.

■ FOR HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN battling cancer, oncologist **Charlotte Tan** was a reason for hope. Her ceaseless work developing drug therapies over more than 40 years at New York City's Memorial Sloan-



Kettering Cancer Center helped establish alternative ways to treat illnesses ranging from leukemia to Hodgkin's disease and bone cancer. In one of her many lasting contributions to the field of oncology, Tan collaborated with Dr. Herbert Oettgen and others to discover that the enzyme L-asparaginase could be used to target and starve tumors in cancer patients. She was 84.

■ A DIPLOMAT, JOURNALIST, scholar and WW II Navy veteran, **David Newsom** wore

many hats. But his greatest gift was for adept negotiation; Newsom's expertise was often called for during the most delicate and urgent situations, notably while he served as Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs from 1978 to '81. During that period he had to contend with Pakistan's growing nuclear program, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the 444-day Iranian hostage crisis, in which 52 Americans were held captive in Tehran. A lifelong public servant, Newsom always advocated negotiation and debate before resorting to conflict. He was 90.

■ A FIRST-TIME NOVELIST AT age 54, **Helen Yglesias** made up for lost time by writing five books from 1972 to 1999, garnering a devoted readership. Perhaps her most widely read work, *Sweetie*, published in 1981, explored the tortured life of a woman regularly beaten by her husband, until she finally, lethally retaliates. Though her characters spanned a broad spectrum from defiant youth to wry old age, throughout her novels the former editor for *The Nation* was consistently devoted to her theme: the lives and struggles of women. She was 92.





James

Poniewozik

Pimp My Real Estate Market! Having soared with the housing bubble, TV home shows are now learning to love the bust

AMERICANS HAVE HEARD THE BAD NEWS about the housing market from the press, their neighbors and their real estate agents. Now they're hearing it from former *Bachelor* Bob Guiney. "The real estate market has come screeching to a halt!" he cries, over the sound of squealing tires, at the beginning of TLC's *Date My House*. On the new show, anxious sellers stage overnight "dates," in which potential buyers spend the night at the house, the better to "seduce" them into making a "long-term commitment." (The sellers themselves are not thrown in as part of the date package. But let the market drop another 10%, and we'll talk.) "It's time to stop thinking of home sales as being on the real estate market," Guiney says, "and start thinking of them as being on the dating market."

If it all sounds a little sleazy and desperate, it meshes perfectly with the sleazy and desperate era of the subprime mortgage fiasco, credit crisis and housing bust. If the economy of the '70s is back, the show seems to say, then let's bring back the mores of the '70s! Throw a key party—this time with house keys!

Date My House—and HGTV's *Sleep On It*, which has essentially the same premise—points up the shift in power between buyers and sellers. During the housing boom, it was the buyers who were afraid they might have to date (i.e., rent) forever. Your house was a coy Victorian maiden with eager suitors queuing up in the parlor. Now it's Lily Bart in *The House of Mirth*, facing squalor and destitution should it fail to find a suitable match. It's a contestant on *The Bachelor*, competing with a

crowd of others and pining for a private date and a rose. The buyer, it hears over and over again, is just not that into you.

Early this decade, TV both profited from and stoked the obsession with real estate. TLC's *Trading Spaces* became a phenomenon. Real estate magnate and '80s relic Donald Trump reinvented himself as a prime-time star on *The Apprentice*. HGTV went from being an obscure channel to being one of the most popular destinations on the dial.

With the change in the psychology



of home-owning—from the house as shelter to the house as investment, retirement vehicle and personal ATM—came a shift in home shows' focus. Out of fashion went renovation programs like *This Old House*, about restoring details and loving a home for its character. In came playing the real estate market. *Sell This House!*, *My House Is Worth What?* and many more flattered the smug certainty of homeowners and speculators that their home equity would shoot endlessly up like shares of Google. HGTV, TLC and their ilk may not have created the real estate bubble, but they certainly supplied some of the hot air.

With the U.S.'s boomiest burps going bust, these shows already seem as dated as wall-to-wall shag carpeting. Watching a rerun of *House Hunters* shot two years ago is like opening a time capsule. The sellers are swaggering; home prices are rising by the minute; the buyers are under pressure to decide! decide! decide! before another house flies off the market. Who are these confident sellers and brokers, you wonder, and what prosperous, optimistic nation do they live in?

Newer home shows are starting to tap into the anxiety sweeping America's cul-de-sacs. HGTV's upcoming *Good Buy, Bad Buy?* starkly puts the worries of buyers about overpaying in a falling market: "Buying a house is the biggest financial risk you will

ever take." (Of course, this being HGTV—whose viewers are mostly homeowners and whose advertisers cater to them—you don't see anyone deciding to simply sit out the market and rent.)

Yet much hasn't changed. Even with prices falling, Americans still view their homes as financial instruments, not just places to live. Where else are they going to make their money? 401(k)s? Not likely—the stock market is down, thanks to the credit misfortunes in the housing market. Work? Ha! The *New York Times* reported recently that the economy is concluding its first long-term expansion in which the average American's postinflation

income actually decreased. Jobs are declining, but many homeowners can't move to cities with better prospects because they can't sell their homes.

So Americans still fixate on the dollar value of their houses—we're literally too invested in them not to—and most of HGTV's top-rated shows are still about buying and selling. You'll know that the bubble-besotted housing culture has really changed when the home channels stop focusing on houses as commodities to flip, invest in or date and start looking at them as places to live in.

At that point, it may finally be time to buy.

HGTV, TLC and their ilk may not have created the real estate bubble, but they certainly supplied some of the hot air

Jason Pomeranc

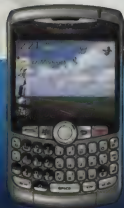
(co-founder, Thompson Hotel)



Ask Jason Pomeranc Why He Loves His BlackBerry

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BlackBerry



Joe

Klein

Petraeus Meets His Match. *The general has made real progress in Iraq. But he doesn't have an answer for Barack Obama*

SENATOR JOSEPH LIEBERMAN HAS BECOME something of an agent provocateur in the semiannual Petraeus-Crocker hearings staged by the U.S. Senate. This semester he chose to open his remarks by chastising unnamed colleagues for having a "hear no progress... see no progress... speak no progress" attitude about the war in Iraq. That may have been true in the past, as there was no progress. This time, however, nearly all the Senators, including most Democrats, opened their comments by praising the general and the ambassador for their fine work—noting the reduced casualty rates and the success against al-Qaeda. The debate had finally moved on to more fertile turf: If things were going so well, why were Crocker and Petraeus so reluctant to come home?

The Senator who mined this turf most profitably was... Barack Obama (a surprise, since you never expect a presidential peacock to be succinct or acute enough in these bloviathons). Obama hit Petraeus and Crocker with an artful series of questions about the two main threats: Sunni terrorists like al-Qaeda in Iraq, and Iran. He noted that al-Qaeda had been rejected by the Iraqi Sunnis and chased to the northern city of Mosul. If U.S. and Iraqi troops succeeded there, what was next? He proposed: "Our goal is not to hunt down and eliminate every single trace of al-Qaeda but rather to create a manageable situation where they're not posing a threat to Iraq." Petraeus said Obama was "exactly right."

Obama asked Crocker about Iran: We

couldn't expect Iran to have no influence in Iraq, could we? "We have no problem with a good, constructive relationship between Iran and Iraq," Crocker replied. "The problem is with the Iranian strategy of backing extremist militia groups and sending in weapons and munitions that



are used against Iraqis and against our own forces." Obama then pursued Barbara Boxer's previous line of questioning: If Iran is such a threat to Iraq, why was Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad greeted with open arms and apparently a lot of official kissing in Baghdad last month? "A visit like that," Crocker said, avoiding the question, "should be in the category of a normal relationship."

At which point, Obama dropped the hammer. The current situation in Iraq was "messy," he said. "There's still violence; there's still some traces of al-Qaeda; Iran has influence more than we would like. But if we had the current status quo and yet our troops had been drawn down to 30,000, would we consider that a success?" Crocker, semi-speechless, chose to misinterpret the question, saying a precipitous drawdown to 30,000 troops would be disastrous. But Obama's question was more diabolical. He was saying, Hey, al-Qaeda's on the run, and Iran is probably more interested in harassing the U.S. military than having another war with Iraq. How much better does the situation need to be

for us to leave? He had taken Joe Lieberman's dart and beaten it into a plowshare.

Obama's question was slightly disingenuous. Few people believe that the Sunni Awakening movement—the insurgents who flipped to our side after a fling with al-Qaeda—would stay peaceful if the U.S. military weren't there as a buffer between them and the Shi'ites. The Iraqi army remains a mess of militias in camouflage. But we have had a significant success in Iraq and dealt al-Qaeda-style extremism a resounding defeat. So why not continue the judicious withdrawal that has begun?

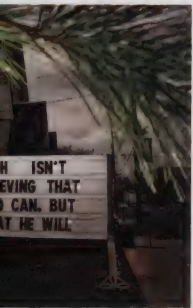
Because, it seems, the Bush Administration has other fish to fry. The first is Muqtada al-Sadr, whose movement features a defiant nationalism that is traditionally both anti-American and anti-Persian (although Sadrist elements have been willing to accept help from the Iranians in recent years). Under questioning from Hillary Clinton about the Maliki government's recent abortive offensive against al-Sadr's forces in Basra, Petraeus admitted that U.S. troops would have provided resources and "different actions" for a more carefully planned attack. An intelligence source told me that the operation had been planned for June.

That would have been extremely foolish. The U.S. would have been inserting itself into a part of Iraq that we don't know very well—the south—and taking sides against what is probably the most popular mass movement in Shi'ite Iraq. But the Petraeus battle plan apparently includes an anti-Sadrist move, which may mean a spurt of violence as widespread and vicious as the worst of the Sunni insurgency. Is that why the general wants a "pause" in the U.S. withdrawal this summer?

What could possibly be the rationale for this? Perhaps it is that al-Sadr's Mahdi Army is the most potent force opposed to long-term U.S. bases in Iraq—and that a permanent presence has been the Bush Administration's true goal in this war. I suspect the central question in Iraq now is not whether things will get better but whether the drive for a long-term, neo-colonialist presence will make the situation irretrievably worse.

We have had a significant success in Iraq and dealt al-Qaeda-style extremism a resounding defeat. So why not continue the judicious withdrawal?





HOW AMERICA DECIDES

It's Their Turn Now

Second in a series Pennsylvanians are next in line to cast votes for Clinton or Obama. How they decide may foreshadow the election in November

BY DAVID VON DREHLE

OF ALL THE PLACES DEMOCRATS could hunker down for a long fight in their epic 50-state scramble for the presidential nomination, Pennsylvania is perhaps the most illuminating. Politically speaking, when Pennsylvania gets the sniffles, America braces for a fever.

Just ask the first President Bush, whose approval ratings were the very picture of political health in the spring of 1991. Then a freak accident killed Pennsylvania's GOP Senator John Heinz, and in the special election to replace him, a liberal Democrat named Harris Wofford diagnosed an unease in the electorate about endangered jobs and affordable health care. Hammering at these issues, Wofford came from more than 40 points behind to defeat Bush's formidable friend Rich-

THE ISSUES

84%

of Pennsylvania Democrats worry about being able to afford health care for themselves and their families

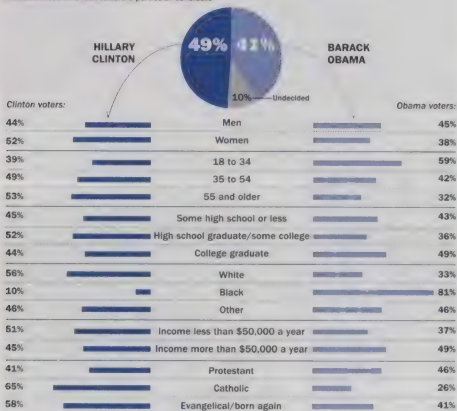
Pennsylvania portraits Clockwise from top left: Joanne Nguyen in Hatfield after her First Communion; showing the flag in Tylersport; a parochial-school baseball game and a church's inspirational message in Hatfield; antique cars in Earlington; support for Clinton near Philadelphia

TIME Poll. What Pennsylvania Democrats think

BASE OF SUPPORT Looking for votes beyond race and gender

If the Pennsylvania Democratic primary were held today, for whom would you vote?

Includes those who lean toward a particular candidate



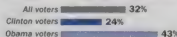
BEHIND THAT SUPPORT Concerns about Washington, questions about race

Percentage who worry a "great deal" or a "fair amount" about these issues

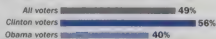
	Clinton voters	Obama voters
The inability of Washington to solve problems	87%	91%
Being able to afford health care for my family and me	87%	83%
The possibility of future terrorist attacks in the U.S.	77%	63%
Being able to find a stable, well-paying job	67%	67%

Which comes closest to your view?

Racial discrimination is the main reason many black people can't get ahead these days



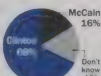
Blacks who can't get ahead in this country are mostly responsible for their own condition



BOTTOM LINE Clinton voters more likely than Obama voters to pick John McCain

Asked of Obama voters:

If the presidential election is between Clinton and McCain, for whom are you more likely to vote?



Asked of Clinton voters:

If the presidential election is between Obama and McCain, for whom are you more likely to vote?



This TIME poll was conducted by telephone April 2-6 among 676 registered Democrats in Pennsylvania who said they were likely to vote in the primary election. The margin of error for the entire sample is ± 4 percentage points. The margin of error is higher for subgroups. "Don't know" responses omitted from some questions in this chart. SRI Public Affairs designed the survey. The full results can be found at www.time.com.

ard Thornburgh. A year later, Bill Clinton used the same platform to unseat Bush.

Of course, in the next election, Woford lost his new seat in the conservative countertide that claimed so many Democratic victims. The state's political thermometer displays hot and cold for both political parties.

Pennsylvania is a swing state not because of a moderate disposition (it's no Iowa or New Mexico) but because it encompasses the incongruities of American society, from the bluest of blue-blooded aristocrats on Philadelphia's Main Line to the bluest of blue-collar guys in the bars of Aliquippa; it's urban; it's rural. It's the Mellon Bank; it's the United Mine Workers. It's Swarthmore; it's South Philly. It's Andy Warhol; it's Joe Paterno. In the Republic's early days, someone dubbed Pennsylvania the Keystone State because it was the place where North joined South. Today it is a psychic keystone. Pennsylvanians have supplied our money, oil, coal, steel—and now our zeitgeist.

So, what are we learning as the April 22 primary draws near and Pennsylvanians decide which candidate to support? For one thing, those economic anxieties are back in full force. Every grumble of discontent heard over the winter months at other

Pennsylvania was dubbed the Keystone State because it was the place where North joined South. Today it is a psychic keystone

campaign stops has echoes in Pennsylvania, and Democrats appear invigorated. Since November, some 300,000 voters filed new registrations as Democrats to vote in this contest.

But something deeper is also going on. Pennsylvania is making it clear that the fight for the Democratic nomination is not just about personalities—the inevitable Obama vs. the indomitable Clinton, cocky vs. Rocky. The race is straining the fault lines of the Democratic Party.

While the chorus of pundits and party elders calling for her to run up a white flag continues, Hillary Clinton maintains her strong bond with the clock-punching white working people who have long been central to the Democratic identity. According to a new TIME poll of likely Democratic voters in the state, Clinton leads Obama 49% to 41%. Three and a half months after Obama's breakthrough win in Iowa, Joe

THE CANDIDATES ARE PLEDGING TO FIX HEALTH CARE AND FINANCIAL SECURITY. AND WE'RE PLEDGING TO MAKE SURE THEY DO.

This election year, it seems that each candidate is talking about "working together" and the need for "change" to solve our nation's health care and financial security problems.

But a funny thing often happens once the voting is over. Promises are forgotten and problems go unresolved. We can't afford to let that happen again.

That's why Divided We Fail will be watching after the elections, holding our elected leaders accountable and demanding that they work together to end the gridlock standing in the way of affordable health care and financial security for all.

Join us in ensuring that change is more than an empty promise. Visit DividedWeFail.org.



Business Roundtable



and Jo Lunchbucket still aren't buying the audacity of hope. Indeed, only 56% of Clinton's supporters said they were likely to vote for Obama in November if he is the nominee. (One in four would choose Republican John McCain; the rest couldn't or wouldn't say.) Clinton continues to be especially strong among white women—the largest constituency in the party.

Political scientist G. Terry Madonna of Franklin and Marshall College in southeastern Pennsylvania perceives a "pattern we've seen in other industrial states: Clinton starts with a big lead, Obama rushes in with a lot of TV and events, and the race tightens." Obama has barnstormed the state with newly detailed proposals for the economy and health care. He is outspending Clinton nearly 3 to 1 on the airwaves, Madonna says. Two of his most heavily played ads stress his humble roots and sound the populist trumpet. Yet Clinton's poll numbers in the state have averaged in the high 40s since early February. Her people don't appear to be budging.

"Once again, Pennsylvania is a harbinger," says Paul Begala, whose ties to the state go back to that seismic Wofford campaign in 1991, which Begala ran with his partner James Carville. But a harbinger of what, exactly? The Obama-Clinton fight has taken a standard party script and turned it upside down.

Working-class champion vs. faculty-club favorite is a Democratic chestnut. Obama descends from a long line of forefathers: Jerry Brown, Gary Hart, Paul Tsongas, Bill Bradley, Howard Dean. Principled, bookish, often aloof—nearly every campaign produces one, and they'd all be President if Presidents were chosen by the salons at Charlie Rose's round table. But Presidents are, in fact, chosen over the dinner tables of ordinary folks, who have an enduring immunity to the charms of such candidates. Obama, however, is a debugged and turbocharged version of the old model; he is expanding the affluent constituency by drawing in thousands of new voters and wedding it to the black vote. As a result, he's not losing, as the script would normally call for him to do.

That's what makes the race so unpredictable. We have a pretty good idea how Obama's coalition—the young, the blacks and the affluent—would have handled failure. It has had years of experience at losing gracefully and closing ranks with a smile. Democrats rarely have to worry about the urban centers or the college towns falling into line. Clinton's core constituency, by contrast, is a group that Democrats must win but frequently don't. Working-class whites, despite their historical ties to the Democratic Party, have shown time and



THE CANDIDATES

72%

of Democrats in Pennsylvania say it's more important that they agree with a candidate's positions than feel comfortable about his or her character

Wooling voters Obama greets supporters outside a town meeting in Wilkes-Barre, and Clinton stumps at the University of Pittsburgh at Greensburg. Democratic-voter rolls have swelled in the state

again that they will defect if they don't like the nominee. They jumped in large numbers to Dwight Eisenhower in the 1950s, to Richard Nixon in 1972, to Ronald Reagan and George H.W. Bush in the 1980s.

Ever since he launched his campaign in Lincoln's hometown of Springfield, Obama has been happy to have himself compared with the original skinny outsider from Illinois. But as this race goes on, the image of another Illinois icon looms. The shape of the Pennsylvania electorate, and the prospect of a contentious convention, evokes 1952, when Adlai Stevenson—the darling of "every thinking person," as one woman later famously phrased it—captured a fiercely contested nomination by putting the urban and the urbane blocs together. But he never won over the white working class, and that's why there never was a President Stevenson.

Chris Matthews

Same As It Ever Was

Ward leaders in Philadelphia will get out the vote in the primary, just as Grandpop did

ON APRIL 14, EIGHT DAYS BEFORE THE Pennsylvania primary, the 69 ward leaders of Philadelphia will gather at the state party's annual Jefferson Jackson dinner to hear from Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama. Clinton will arrive at the big tent next to the Sheet Metal Workers Union at 6 p.m. and make her presentation at 6:15. Obama will arrive at 7 p.m. and make his at 7:15. You've heard the old Will Rogers line "I am not a member of any organized party; I'm a Democrat." Well, the Philadelphia Democratic Party is an organized political party.

Organized into wards, the local party is further broken down into hundreds of voting divisions. Each division is overseen by two committee persons whose job it is to get their neighbors to vote for the endorsed candidate for every office. My grandfather Charles Patrick Shields was a Democratic committeeman in the 43rd Ward. As you might figure by his name, he was an Irish-American classic. He lived with Grandmom in a row house in Nicetown, on 15th Street, a short walk from the busy corner of Broad Street and Hunting Park. Every night when he was working the night shift, he'd head off to the plant wearing a peacoat and a cap. He could have been leaving for an evening in County Cork.

Grandpop took seriously his committeeman role. "I brought in the best division in the city," he would tell us, an insistent pride in his declaration. We grandkids would say that was chiefly because the old neighborhood had become almost entirely African American, already at that point the party's most reliable base. The exceptions were Grandpop and the guy next door, whom he described as "Nice fella ... Polish."

With Philadelphia split between white and black, the city's Democrats need to avoid a winner-take-all fight among the ward leaders

What still unites the city's ethnic groups is the goal of a big Democratic win in November. Ward leaders like old Mike Stack of the 58th up in Somerton, where my parents moved us to, still boast of the fact that Jack Kennedy was elected by guys like them. Philadelphia gave Kennedy a 330,000 vote plurality in 1960, enough to swamp the rest of the state. Back then, Pennsylvania had as many electoral votes as California, a state Kennedy lost to native son Richard Nixon.

This April it's going to be hard finding that kind of November unity in the Philadelphia Democratic organization. Michael Nutter, the city's impressive new mayor, is backing Clinton, and a few white liberals are backing Obama, but



Bloodlines The author's roots in Philadelphia politics stretch back to the era of his grandfather Charles Patrick Shields, right

the ward leaders must answer to their people. Local politics is still neighborhood politics.

With the city split roughly between white and black, the chairman of the party, U.S. Congressman Bob Brady, is not going to shove a candidate down a ward leader's throat. Even after Clinton and Obama make their pitches at the J J dinner, Brady won't insist that the city committee endorse one or the other. The party needs to avoid a winner take all fight among the ward leaders.

The wards that make up the political machine thrive on delivering the vote come Election Day. But they also exist for the patronage and other help that ward leaders and committee persons can offer

their people. Like all dreamers, Grandpop was a walker of the neighborhood. He took us on evening walks through Hunting Park, his Phillies cigar a regular part of the ritual. On the way home, he'd stop at the corner next to the subway stop, get the bulldog edition of the *Inquirer* and chat with the guy selling the papers. That corner, one of my brothers recalled, was Grandpop's office.

Tip O'Neill, for whom I worked half a dozen years, would have called Grandpop a "street corner guy like myself." Tip took greatest joy in the days when he got a fellow Irishman a deserved promotion at a Cambridge bank by threatening to withdraw the church's charity money. The other day I was on the phone with Brady,

and he told me about interrupting a phone call from one of the two Democratic presidential candidates to help save a guy's turnpike job. Same deal.

Grandpop's reward was nothing so grand as getting elected U.S. Congressman. His highest position was ward secretary in the 43rd. But when he retired from the plant, Grandpop got a job working at the election commission down at City Hall. In his mind, it was a due reward for his years

of service to the party, payment for his loyalty; it was a reminder, too, of those countless days in the 1930s when he was unemployed and walked each morning the 12 miles (20 km) down Broad Street to City Hall in hopes of getting work. That too was part of our family legacy.

There are thousands of my Grandpops in Philadelphia today—committee persons who will be out there on primary day. There may not be one endorsed candidate in the race, but they'll be getting their people out to vote. And the rest of the state will have its eyes on the wards of Philadelphia.

Chris Matthews is host of MSNBC's *Hardball* and author of the new book *Life's a Campaign* (Random House)

'What is best in me I owe to her.'—BARACK OBAMA, *DREAMS FROM MY FATHER*

EACH OF US LIVES A LIFE OF contradictory truths. We are not one thing or another. Barack Obama's mother was at least a dozen things. S. Ann Soetoro was a teen mother who later got a Ph.D. in anthropology; a white woman from the Midwest who was more comfortable in Indonesia; a natural born mother obsessed with her work; a romantic pragmatist, if such a thing is possible.

"When I think about my mother," Obama told me recently, "I think that there was a certain combination of being very grounded in who she was, what she believed in. But also a certain recklessness. I think she was always searching for something. She wasn't comfortable seeing her life confined to a certain box."

Obama's mother was a dreamer. She made risky bets that paid off only some of the time, choices that her children had to live with. She fell in love—twice—with fellow students from distant countries she knew nothing about. Both marriages failed, and she leaned on her parents and friends to help raise her two children.

"She cried a lot," says her daughter Maya Soetoro-Ng, "if she saw animals being treated cruelly or children in the news or a sad movie—or if she felt like she wasn't being understood in a conversation." And yet she was fearless, says Soetoro-Ng. "She was very capable. She went out on the back of a motorcycle and did rigorous fieldwork. Her research was responsible and penetrating. She saw the heart of a problem, and she knew whom to hold accountable."

Today Obama is partly a product of what his mother was not. Whereas she swept her children off to unfamiliar lands and even lived apart from her son when he was a teenager, Obama has tried to ground his children in the Midwest. "We've created stability for our kids in a way that my mom didn't do for us," he says. "My choosing to put down roots in Chicago and marry a woman who is very rooted in one place probably indicates a desire for stability that maybe I was missing."

Ironically, the person who mattered most in Obama's life is the one we know the least about—maybe because being partly African in America is still seen as being simply black and color is still a preoccupation above almost all else. There is not enough room in the conversation for the rest of a man's story.

But Obama is his mother's son. In his wide-open rhetoric about what can be



A Mother's

Barack Obama's greatest influence was a woman most Americans know nothing about. How her uncommon life shaped his views of the world

BY AMANDA RIPLEY/HONOLULU



Story

Firstborn Obama's mother, pictured here as a sophomore in high school, had her son at 18. She dropped out of college and went on food stamps

instead of what was, you see a hint of his mother's credulity. When Obama gets donations from people who have never believed in politics before, they're responding to his ability—passed down from his mother—to make a powerful argument (that happens to be very liberal) without using a trace of ideology. On a good day, when he figures out how to move a crowd of thousands of people very different from himself, it has something to do with having had a parent who gazed at different cultures the way other people study gems.

It turns out that Obama's nascent career peddling hope is a family business. He inherited it. And while it is true that he has not been profoundly tested, he was raised by someone who was.

In most elections, the deceased mother of a candidate in the primaries is not the subject of a magazine profile. But Ann Soetoro was not like most mothers.

Stanley Ann Dunham

BORN IN 1942, JUST FIVE YEARS BEFORE Hillary Clinton, Obama's mother came into an America constrained by war, segregation and a distrust of difference. Her parents named her Stanley because her father had wanted a boy. She endured the expected teasing over this indignity, but dutifully lugged the name through high school, apologizing for it each time she introduced herself in a new town.

During her life, she was known by four different names, each representing a distinct chapter. In the course of the Stanley period, her family moved more than five times—from Kansas to California to Texas to Washington—before her 18th birthday. Her father, a furniture salesman, had a restlessness that she inherited.

She spent her high school years on a small island in Washington, taking advanced classes in philosophy and visiting coffee shops in Seattle. "She was a very intelligent, quiet girl, interested in her friendships and current events," remembers Maxine Box, a close high school friend. Both girls assumed they would go to college and pursue careers. "She wasn't particularly interested in children or in getting married," Box says. Although Stanley was accepted early by the University of Chicago, her father wouldn't let her go. She was too young to be off on her own, he said, unaware, as fathers tend to be, of what could happen when she lived in his house.

After she finished high school, her father whisked the family away again—this time

to Honolulu, after he heard about a big new furniture store there. Hawaii had just become a state, and it was the new frontier. Stanley grudgingly went along yet again, enrolling in the University of Hawaii as a freshman.

Mrs. Barack H. Obama

SHORTLY BEFORE SHE MOVED TO HAWAII, Stanley saw her first foreign film. *Black Orpheus* was an award-winning musical retelling of the myth of Orpheus, a tale of doomed love. The movie was considered exotic because it was filmed in Brazil, but it was written and directed by white Frenchmen. The result was sentimental and, to some modern eyes, patronizing. Years later Obama saw the film with his mother and thought about walking out. But looking at her in the theater, he glimpsed her 16-year-old self. "I suddenly realized," he wrote in his memoir, *Dreams from My Father*, "that the depiction of childlike blacks I was now seeing on the screen ... was what my mother had carried with her to Hawaii all those years before, a reflection of the simple fantasies that had been forbidden to a white middle-class girl from Kansas, the promise of another life, warm, sensual, exotic, different."

By college, Stanley had started introducing herself as Ann. She met Barack Obama Sr. in a Russian-language class. He was one of the first Africans to attend the University of Hawaii and a focus of great curiosity. He spoke at church groups and was interviewed for several local-newspaper stories. "He had this magnetic personality," remembers Neil Abercrombie, a member of Congress from Hawaii who was friends with Obama Sr. in college. "Everything was oratory from him, even the most commonplace observation."

Obama's father quickly drew a crowd of friends at the university. "We would drink beer, eat pizza and play records," Abercrombie says. They talked about Vietnam and politics. "Everyone had an opinion about everything, and everyone was of the opinion that everyone wanted to hear their opinion—no one more so than Barack."

The exception was Ann, the quiet young woman in the corner who began to hang out with Obama and his friends that fall. "She was scarcely out of high school. She was mostly kind of an observer," says Abercrombie. Obama Sr.'s friends knew he was dating a white woman, but they made a point of treating it as a nonissue. This was Hawaii, after all, a place enamored of its reputation as a melting pot.

But when people called Hawaii a "melting pot" in the early 1960s, they meant a place where white people blended with Asians. At the time, 10% of white women in Hawaii married Chinese men, and that



Woman of the World

Ann seemed drawn to foreign men. First she married Kenyan **Barack Obama Sr.**, below, then Indonesian **Lolo Soetoro**, bottom middle with daughter **Maya** and **Barack**. She never owned a home, but she was most comfortable in Indonesia. She returned to the States often, though, including in 1982 for a friend's wedding, bottom right with children, and in 1992 for **Barack's** marriage

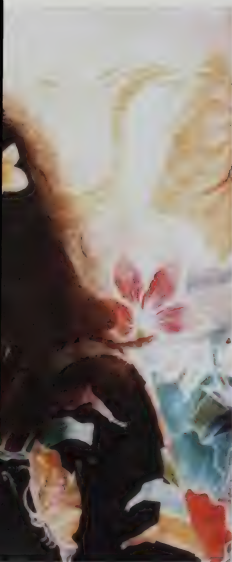


was considered radical by the rest of the nation. Black people made up less than 1% of the state's population. And while interracial marriage was legal there, it was banned in half the other states.

When Ann told her parents about the African student at school, they invited him over for dinner. Her father didn't notice when his daughter reached out to hold the man's hand, according to Obama's book. Her mother thought it best not to cause a scene. As Obama would write, "My mother

was that girl with the movie of beautiful black people playing in her head."

On Feb. 2, 1961, several months after they met, Obama's parents got married in Maui, according to divorce records. It was a Thursday. At that point, Ann was three months pregnant with Barack Obama II. Friends did not learn of the wedding until afterward. "Nobody was invited," says Abercrombie. The motivations behind the marriage remain a mystery, even to Obama. "I never probed my mother about the details.



Then, when Obama was almost 1, his father left for Harvard to get a Ph.D. in economics. He had also been accepted to the New School in New York City, with a more generous scholarship that would have allowed his family to join him. But he decided to go to Harvard. "How can I refuse the best education?" he told Ann, according to Obama's book.

Obama's father had an agenda: to return to his home country and help reinvent Kenya. He wanted to take his new family with him. But he also had a wife from a previous marriage there—a marriage that may or may not have been legal. In the end, Ann decided not to follow him. "She was under no illusions," says Abercrombie. "He was a man of his time, from a very patriarchal society." Ann filed for divorce in Honolulu in January 1964, citing "grievous mental suffering"—the reason given in most divorces at the time. Obama Sr. signed for the papers in Cambridge, Mass., and did not contest the divorce.

Ann had already done things most women of her generation had not: she had married an African, had their baby and gotten divorced. At this juncture, her life could have become narrower—a young, marginalized woman focused on paying the rent and raising a child on her own. She could have filled her son's head with well-founded resentment for his absent father. But that is not what happened.

S. Ann Dunham Soetoro

WHEN HER SON WAS ALMOST 2, ANN RETURNED to college. Money was tight. She collected food stamps and relied on her parents to help take care of young Barack. She would get her bachelor's degree four years later. In the meantime, she met another foreign student, Lolo Soetoro, at the University of Hawaii. ("It's where I send all my single girlfriends," jokes her daughter Soetoro-Ng, who also married a man she met there.) He was easygoing, happily devoting hours to playing chess with Ann's father and wrestling with her young son. Lolo proposed in 1967.

Mother and son spent months preparing to follow him to Indonesia—getting shots, passports and plane tickets. Until then, neither had left the country. After a long journey, they landed in an unrecognizable place. "Walking off the plane, the tarmac rippling with heat, the sun bright as a furnace," Obama later wrote, "I clutched her hand, determined to protect her."

Lolo's house, on the outskirts of Jakarta, was a long way from the high-rises of Honolulu. There was no electricity, and the streets were not paved. The country was transitioning to the rule of General Suharto. Inflation was running at more

than 600%, and everything was scarce. Ann and her son were the first foreigners to live in the neighborhood, according to locals who remember them. Two baby crocodiles, along with chickens and birds of paradise, occupied the backyard. To get to know the kids next door, Obama sat on the wall between their houses and flapped his arms like a great, big bird, making cawing noises, remembers Kay Ikranagara, a friend. "That got the kids laughing, and then they all played together," she says.

Obama attended a Catholic school called Franciscus Assisi Primary School. He attracted attention since he was not only a foreigner but also chubbier than the locals. But he seemed to shrug off the teasing, eating tofu and tempeh like all the other kids, playing soccer and picking guavas from the trees. He didn't seem to mind that the other children called him "Negro," remembers Bambang Sukoco, a former neighbor.

At first, Obama's mother gave money to every beggar who stopped at their door. But the caravan of misery—children without limbs, men with leprosy—churned on forever, and she was forced to be more selective. Her husband mocked her calculations

'She wasn't ideological. I inherited that, I think, from her. She was suspicious of cant.'

—BARACK OBAMA

of relative suffering. "Your mother has a soft heart," he told Obama.

As Ann became more intrigued by Indonesia, her husband became more Western. He rose through the ranks of an American oil company and moved the family to a nicer neighborhood. She was bored by the dinner parties he took her to, where men boasted about golf scores and wives complained about their Indonesian servants. The couple fought rarely but had less and less in common. "She wasn't prepared for the loneliness," Obama wrote in *Dreams*. "It was constant, like a shortness of breath."

Ann took a job teaching English at the U.S. embassy. She woke up well before dawn throughout her life. Now she went into her son's room every day at 4 a.m. to give him English lessons from a U.S. correspondence course. She couldn't afford the elite international school and worried he wasn't challenged enough. After two years at the Catholic school, Obama moved to a state-run elementary school closer to the

Did they decide to get married because she was already pregnant? Or did he propose to her in the traditional, formal way? Obama wonders. "I suppose, had she not passed away, I would have asked more."

Even by the standards of 1967, she was young to be married. At 18, she dropped out of college after one semester, according to University of Hawaii records. When her friends back in Washington heard the news, "we were very shocked," says Box, her high school friend.

Child Support

It's unlikely that Obama's mother could have accomplished all she did—becoming a respected anthropologist with a Ph.D.—had she not had the lifelong backstop of her parents **Stanley** and **Madelyn Dunham** (pictured in undated snapshots with **Ann**, right, and with **Barack**, whom they helped raise)



new house. He was the only foreigner, says Ati Kisjanto, a classmate, but he spoke some Indonesian and made new friends.

Indonesia has the world's largest Muslim population, but Obama's household was not religious. "My mother, whose parents were nonpracticing Baptists and Methodists, was one of the most spiritual souls I ever knew," Obama said in a 2007 speech. "But she had a healthy skepticism of religion as an institution. And as a consequence, so did I."

In her own way, Ann tried to compensate for the absence of black people in her son's life. At night, she came home from work with books on the civil rights movement and recordings of Mahalia Jackson. Her aspirations for racial harmony were simplistic. "She was very much of the early Dr. [Martin Luther] King era," Obama says. "She believed that people were all basically the same under their skin, that bigotry of any sort was wrong and that the goal was then to treat everybody as unique individuals." Ann gave her daughter, who was born in 1970, dolls of every hue: "A pretty black girl with braids, an Inuit, Sacagawea, a little Dutch boy with clogs," says Soetoro-Ng, laughing. "It was like the United Nations."

In 1971, when Obama was 10, Ann sent him back to Hawaii to live with her parents

and attend Punahou, an elite prep school that he'd gotten into on a scholarship with his grandparents' help. This wrenching decision seemed to reflect how much she valued education. Ann's friends say it was hard on her, and Obama, in his book, describes an adolescence shadowed by a sense of alienation. "I didn't feel [her absence] as a deprivation," Obama told me. "But when I think about the fact that I was separated from her, I suspect it had more of an impact than I know."

A year later, Ann followed Obama back to Hawaii, as promised, taking her daughter but leaving her husband behind. She enrolled in a master's program at the University of Hawaii to

Obama's mother spoke Indonesian, Japanese, French and beginner's Urdu. She traveled extensively in Africa and South Asia for her work and studies

study the anthropology of Indonesia.

Indonesia is an anthropologist's fantasy land. It is made up of 17,500 islands, on which 230 million people speak more than 300 languages. The archipelago's culture is colored by Buddhist, Hindu, Muslim and Dutch traditions. Indonesia "sucks a lot of us in," says fellow anthropologist and friend Alice Dewey. "It's delightful."

Around this time, Ann began to find her voice. People who knew her before describe her as quiet and smart; those who met her afterward use words like *forthright* and *passionate*. The timing of her graduate work was perfect. "The whole face of the earth was changing," Dewey says. "Colonial powers were collapsing, countries needed help, and development work was beginning to interest anthropologists."

Ann's husband visited Hawaii frequently, but they never lived together again. Ann filed for divorce in 1980. As with Obama's father, she kept in regular contact with Lolo and did not pursue alimony or child support, according to divorce records.

"She was no Pollyanna. There have certainly been moments when she complained to us," says her daughter Soetoro-Ng. "But she was not someone who would take the detritus of those divorces and make judgments about men in general or love or allow herself to grow pessimistic." With each failed marriage, Ann gained a child and, in one case, a country as well.

Ann Dunham Sutoro

AFTER THREE YEARS OF LIVING WITH HER children in a small apartment in Honolulu, subsisting on student grants, Ann decided to go back to Indonesia to do fieldwork for her Ph.D. Obama, then about 14, told her he would stay behind. He was tired of being new, and he appreciated the autonomy his grandparents gave him. Ann did not argue with him. "She kept a certain part of herself aloof or removed," says Mary Zurbuchen, a friend from Jakarta. "I think maybe in some way this was how she managed to cross so many boundaries."

In Indonesia, Ann joked to friends that her son seemed interested only in basketball. "She despaired of him ever having a social conscience," remembers Richard Patten, a colleague. After her divorce, Ann started using the more modern spelling of her name, Sutoro. She took a big job as the program officer for women and employment at the Ford Foundation, and she spoke up forcefully at staff meetings. Unlike many other expats, she had spent a lot of time with villagers, learning their priorities and problems, with a special focus on women's work. "She was influenced by hanging out in the Javanese marketplace,"



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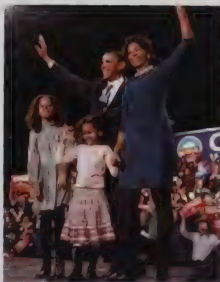
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Zurbuchen says, "where she would see women with heavy baskets on their backs who got up at 3 in the morning to walk to the market and sell their produce." Ann thought the Ford Foundation should get closer to the people and further from the government, just as she had.

Her home became a gathering spot for the powerful and the marginalized: politicians, filmmakers, musicians and labor organizers. "She had, compared with other foundation colleagues, a much more eclectic circle," Zurbuchen says. "She brought unlikely conversation partners together."

Obama's mother cared deeply about helping poor women, and she had two biracial children. But neither of them remembers her talking about sexism or racism. "She spoke mostly in positive terms: what we are trying to do and what we can do," says Soetoro-Ng, who is now a history teacher at a girls' high school in Honolulu. "She wasn't ideological," notes Obama. "I inherited that, I think, from her. She was suspicious of cant." He remembers her joking that she wanted to get paid as much as a man, but it didn't mean she would stop shaving her legs. In his recent Philadelphia speech on race, in which he acknowledged the grievances of blacks and whites, Obama was consciously channeling his mother. "When I was writing that speech," he told *NAC News*, "her memory loomed over me. Is this something that she would trust?" When it came to race, Obama told me, "I don't think she was entirely comfortable with the more aggressive or militant approaches to African-American politics."

In the expat community of Asia in the 1980s, single mothers were rare, and Ann stood out. She was by then a rather large woman with frizzy black hair. But Indonesia was an uncommonly tolerant place. "For someone like Ann, who had a big personality and was a big presence," says Zurbuchen, "Indonesia was very accepting. It gave her a sense of fitting in." At home, Ann wore the traditional housecoat, the batik *daster*. She loved simple, traditional restaurants. Friends remember sharing *bakso bola*



Obama women, the next generation The candidate in Iowa, with his wife Michelle and their daughters Malia, 9, and Sasha, 6

tenis, or noodles with tennis-ball-size meatballs, from a roadside stand.

Today Ann would not be so unusual in the U.S. A single mother of biracial children pursuing a career, she foreshadowed, in some ways, what more of America would look like. But she did so without comment, her friends say. "She wasn't stereotypical at all," says Nancy Peluso, a friend and an environmental sociologist. "But she didn't make a big deal out of it."

Ann's most lasting professional legacy was to help build the microfinance program in Indonesia, which she did from 1988 to '92—before the practice of granting tiny loans to credit-poor entrepreneurs was an established success story. Her anthropological research into how real people worked helped inform the policies set by the Bank Rakyat Indonesia, says Patten, an economist who worked there. "I would say her work had a lot to do with the success of the program," he says. Today Indonesia's microfinance program is No. 1 in the world in terms of savers, with 31 million members, according to Microfinance Information eXchange Inc., a microfinance-tracking outfit.

While his mother was helping poor people in Indonesia, Obama was trying to do something similar 7,000 miles (about 11,300 km) away in Chicago, as a community organizer. Ann's friends say she was delighted by his career move and started every conversation with an update of her children's lives. "All of us knew where Barack was going to school. All of us knew how brilliant he was," remembers Ann's friend Georgia McCauley.

Every so often, Ann would leave Indonesia to live in Hawaii—or New York or even, in the mid-1980s, Pakistan, for a micro-

finance job. She and her daughters sometimes lived in garage apartments and spare rooms of friends. She collected treasures from her travels—exquisite things with stories she understood. Antique daggers with an odd number of curves, as required by Javanese tradition; unusual batiks; rice paddy hats. Before returning to Hawaii in 1984, Ann wrote her friend Dewey that she and her daughter would "probably need a camel caravan and an elephant or two to load all our bags on the plane, and I'm sure you don't want to see all those airline agents weeping and rending their garments." At his house in Chicago, Obama says, he has his mother's arrowhead collection from Kansas—along with "trunks full of batiks that we don't really know what to do with."

In 1992, Obama's mother finally finished her Ph.D. dissertation, which she had worked on, between jobs, for almost two decades. The thesis is 1,000 pages, a meticulous analysis of peasant blacksmithing in Indonesia. The glossary, which she describes as "far from complete," is 24 pages. She dedicated the tome to her mother; to Dewey, her adviser; and to Barack and Maya, who seldom complained when their mother was in the field.

In the fall of 1994, Ann was having dinner at her friend Patten's house in Jakarta when she felt a pain in her stomach. A local doctor diagnosed indigestion. When Ann returned to Hawaii several months later, she learned it was ovarian and uterine cancer. She died on Nov. 7, 1995, at 52.

Before her death, Ann read a draft of her son's memoir, which is almost entirely about his father. Some of her friends were surprised at the focus, but she didn't seem obviously bothered. "She never complained about it," says Peluso. "She just said it was something he had to work out." Neither Ann nor her son knew how little time they had left.

Obama has said his biggest mistake was not being at his mother's side when she died. He went to Hawaii to help the family scatter the ashes over the Pacific. And he carries on her spirit in his campaign. "When Barack smiles," says Peluso, "there's just a certain Ann look. He lights up in a particular way that she did."

After Ann's death, her daughter dug through her artifacts, searching for Ann's story. "She always did want to write a memoir," Soetoro-Ng says. Finally, she discovered the start of a life story, but it was less than two pages. She never found anything more. Maybe Ann had run out of time, or maybe the chemotherapy had worn her out. "I don't know. Maybe she felt overwhelmed," says Soetoro-Ng, "because there was so much to tell." —WITH REPORTING BY ZAMIRA LOEBIS AND JASON TEJASUKMANA/JAKARTA ■

'When Barack smiles, there's just a certain Ann look. He lights up in a particular way that she did. There is this thing in his eyes.'

—NANCY PELUSO, A FRIEND OF ANN'S FROM INDONESIA

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More Money

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Totally Gross

Want to measure happiness? Great. Health? Swell. But don't ruin the best gauge we have of economic activity

ON THE LAST DAY OF APRIL, THE FOLKS at the Commerce Department's Bureau of Economic Analysis will announce how much they think the U.S. economy grew—or didn't—in the first quarter of this year. This "advance" estimate of gross domestic product (GDP) will stand as the clearest indicator yet of whether the U.S. has fallen into a recession.

Until May 29, that is, when Commerce releases a revised "preliminary" GDP number. On June 26 comes the "final" first quarter GDP, but even that won't really be final: in a few years there will be a "benchmark revision" that changes everything yet again.

This is not a tale of bureaucratic bungling. It's just evidence that compiling a reliable measure of all the economic activity in a country as big as this one is *hard*. Which is something to consider whenever you hear somebody arguing that GDP ought to be shelved in favor of some more holistic measure of economic well-being. Somebody like, say, French President Nicolas Sarkozy, who early this year appointed a high-powered task force—boasting not just one but two economics Nobelists, Amartya Sen and Joseph Stiglitz—to devise a GDP replacement. Similar "ditch-GDP" noises can be heard frequently from enlightened sorts who care a lot about the environment, health care, education and happiness.

Over the years, GDP has proved spectacularly useful in tracking short-term economic fluctuations and long-run growth. Which isn't to say it doesn't miss things

Now, there certainly are measures of economic and societal success that we ought to pay more attention to. But ditch GDP? Perish the thought.

The measure has its roots in the Great Depression and World War II. First the priority was tracking the ups and downs (mostly downs) of the business cycle in the 1930s. Then military planners needed a better way to assess production capacity. The result was gross national product

standards—and in 1990 he helped create the United Nations' Human Development Index, which combines health and education data with per capita GDP to give a more complete view of the wealth of nations (the U.S. currently comes in 12th, while on per capita GDP alone, it ranks second). Stiglitz, a Columbia professor and former World Bank chief economist, advocates a "green net national product" that takes into account the depletion of

natural resources. Also sure to come up in the French discussion is the currently fashionable idea of trying to include happiness in the equation.

The issue with these alternative benchmarks is not whether they have merit (most do) but whether they can be measured with anything like the frequency, reliability and impartiality of GDP. A National Academy of Sciences panel recommended in 2005 that the U.S. look into measuring household work, investments in education and health care and environmental assets—but as satellite accounts, not part of GDP. Says

Katharine Abraham, a University of Maryland professor and former Bureau of Labor Statistics chief, who headed up that effort: "One problem with these expanded measures—why I wouldn't want to see them replace GDP—is the information you base them on is too tenuous."

As for happiness, much of the interest in it stems from the 1974 discovery by University of Southern California economist Richard Easterlin that the happiness of a nation's inhabitants didn't necessarily rise with its GDP. But the recent explosion in happiness surveys has enabled a soon-to-be-published reappraisal by the University of Pennsylvania's Betsey Stevenson and Justin Wolfers, who find that happiness tracks per capita GDP pretty closely. Money really does matter. GDP does too.



(GNP), which after the war soon became the standard means of keeping economic score. It was replaced in 1991 by GDP, which measures production in the U.S. as opposed to production by Americans, but the basic idea is the same. The concept conquered the world—with Germany deserving special mention as surely the only country ever to have produced a chart-topping pop song about GNP (Geier Sturzflug's *Bruttosozialprodukt*, in 1983).

Over the years, GNP and GDP have proved spectacularly useful in tracking economic change—both short-term fluctuations and long-run growth. Which isn't to say GDP doesn't miss some things.

Let's start with the pet concerns of Sarkozy's star advisers. Sen, a development economist at Harvard, has long argued that health is a big part of living



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Taking On the Big Man

Morgan Tsvangirai has been attacked and arrested for challenging Zimbabwe's despot Robert Mugabe. Now he may be on the verge of unseating him

BY ALEX PERRY/CAPE TOWN

MORGAN TSVANGIRAI HAS BEEN THIS close before. In 2002 he was widely thought to have won Zimbabwe's presidential election, beating the country's tyrannical leader, Robert Mugabe. But according to most independent observers, Mugabe had the results fixed, extending his tenure as Zimbabwe's only ruler since independence in 1980. Now Tsvangirai is trying to avoid being robbed again. Results of the March 29 general election have not yet been announced, but the Zimbabwe Election Commission indicates that his Movement for Democratic Change (MDC) has seized the parliamentary majority from Mugabe's Zanu-PF. Tsvangirai is sure he's won the presidential vote. But

independence and start focusing on our prosperity and freedom."

It will be a long battle. Decades of misrule have turned Zimbabwe into an economic basket case. Inflation is 100,000%, unemployment 80%, and up to 1 million people (out of a population of 12 million) have fled to neighboring South Africa. "We are very conscious that it's very difficult to fight dictatorship with democratic means," Tsvangirai says. "We're taking on the whole edifice, a dictatorship that has been institutionalized into all the organs of state. It's a very big mountain we have to climb." If replacing Mugabe isn't hard enough, ruling the country he leaves behind will be a herculean task.

Tsvangirai, 56, became accustomed to responsibility at an early age. The son of a carpenter and bricklayer from Gutu, south of the capital, Harare, and the eldest of nine, he quit school early to work the nickel mines of Mashonaland in northern Zimbabwe. In 10 years, he rose from plant operator to general foreman. Under the white government of the time, there was more than one way for a political aspirant to agitate for change. Mugabe fought for freedom; Tsvangirai chose the mine workers union. In 1980, Mugabe, then 56, inaugurated a free Zimbabwe. Eight years later, Tsvangirai became secretary-general of the Zimbabwean trade union movement. Outraged by Mugabe's growing tyranny, Tsvangirai's unions broke with the state.

The move earned him admirers and enemies. In 1997 a group of men thought to be from Mugabe's secret service, the Central Intelligence Organization, burst into Tsvangirai's 10th-floor offices in Harare and tried to hurl him through a window, but Tsvangirai fought off his attackers. He formed the opposition MDC in 1999. Despite at least three other attempts on his life and, according to the MDC, four arrests, he has fought Mugabe in every election since.

The physical contrast between Tsvangirai and Mugabe emphasizes the gulf between them. Tsvangirai is ebullient and casual, wears cowboy hats and has the burly figure of a man fond of food. Mugabe sports a tiny Hitler mustache and favors tailored suits but sometimes wears shirts and baseball caps bearing images of his own face. The two men appeal to different sections of Zimbabwean society—Mugabe to rural villagers and liberation stalwarts, Tsvangirai to the young and the urban.

Tsvangirai is short on specifics of how he would improve on Mugabe. The emphasis is on doing what the 84-year-old has not done. The opposition's manifesto promises "a sound economy, agriculture and livelihoods, a new constitution and good governance"; leadership on HIV/AIDS, which has infected 2.3 million people; and empowering the youth. In a softening of Mugabe's policy, white-owned farms would not be handed back to their former owners. Rather, the government would curb "corrupt and self-serving" land seizures while remaining committed to "systematic land reform that benefits the black people of Zimbabwe." On the question of whether to hold the Mugabe regime accountable for its crimes, Tsvangirai has offered to be flexible in order to secure its departure.

Tsvangirai's record as Zimbabwe's main opposition leader has some blemishes. In 2005 the MDC split in two after a breakaway faction questioned what it perceived as Tsvangirai's autocratic tendencies. The division led to doubts about his leadership skills. "There are some real concerns about him and his ability," says Alex Vines, head of the Africa Program at Chatham House in London. Tsvangirai's response: "Every leader has his faults. I am not a perfect human being." After 28 years of Mugabe, Zimbabweans may be happy to settle for less than perfect. —WITH REPORTING BY WILLIAM LEE ADAMS/LONDON ■

'We need to shift from focusing on our independence and start focusing on our prosperity and freedom.'

—MORGAN TSVANGIRAI, ZIMBABWE'S MAIN OPPOSITION LEADER

Mugabe, 84, is demanding a recount and a runoff for the presidency, fueling fears of another vote fix. His supporters have launched a campaign of violence across the country. Tsvangirai calls it "a de facto military coup."

Tsvangirai is trying to fight Mugabe in the courts and persuade other African countries to pressure one of the continent's last Big Men—powerful figures who, like Mugabe, led their nations to independence from colonial rule but then turned into despots—to go quietly into the night. Zimbabwe's turn, says Tsvangirai, is long overdue. Speaking to TIME by phone from an undisclosed location in Zimbabwe, he said, "We need to shift from focusing on our





San Francisco Pro-Tibet activists unfurl banners on the Golden Gate Bridge the day before the Olympic torch arrives in the city. Protests have dogged

WORLD

Olympic Shame. China's crackdown has emboldened critics around the world. Why Beijing is blowing it

BY SIMON ELEGANT/BEIJING

WHY DIDN'T THEY SEE THIS coming? Despite more than seven years' worth of meticulous, down-to-the-last-detail planning that has gone into the Beijing Olympics, China's leaders have seemingly been caught off guard by the most predictable of challenges: discontent in Tibet and international condemnation of Beijing's record of repression. The extent of their surprise can be gauged by their reaction—a brutal crackdown on dissent at home and a deaf ear to criticism from abroad—which is more reminiscent of the heavy-handed communist regime of old than the modern, moderate Beijing



every leg of the torch relay

San Francisco police were forced to shorten the relay in the city, citing security concerns. Beijing vowed to proceed with the relay unchanged, but more protests are expected in the 15 places the torch will visit before returning to Chinese soil on May 4.

So far, Chinese authorities have responded to the clamor by further tightening the clamps on domestic dissent. On April 3, prominent human-rights activist Hu Jia received a 3½-year prison sentence on charges of inciting subversion of state power. Hu's conviction, apparently stemming from articles he wrote and interviews he gave linking the Olympics with human rights in China, was the latest in what rights advocates in China say is a string of detentions of activists all over the country. Beijing is also applying pressure on China's huge online population of some 230 million, which is often cited as the country's most powerful force for greater openness. Thousands of websites have been shuttered, and government control and blocking of sites outside China have intensified in recent months. As Irene Khan, secretary-general of Amnesty International, put it in a report released April 1, despite assurances by both the International Olympic Committee and Chinese officials that restraint would be exercised, "the crackdown... has deepened, not lessened, because of the Olympics."

The question is, Why? Given the international scrutiny of Beijing's actions, the hard line has left many observers puzzled. The wiser course would seem to be a more measured response: to practice better crowd control, manage the media better, try negotiation instead of knee-jerk repression. But China's rulers have shown little such dexterity. Some of the reasons are straightforward. The Communist Party is deeply secretive and highly bureaucratic, and its members are steeped in a long-standing culture of self-preservation. "Part of the head-in-sand problem has to do with entrenched bureaucratic interests," says China expert Perry Link of Princeton University. Officials who have devoted most of their careers to defending authoritarian rule "can't stop chanting that mantra without puzzlement over what to say instead and without a bit of panic about their own rice bowls and even, almost, their own identities," Link says.

Leaders like President Hu Jintao are of a generation that received a Soviet-style education in the 1950s. "They don't have the knowledge or imagination to make better decisions," Link says. They operate under a system of collective decision-making that constrains the state's ability to be flexible in the face of new challenges. "Like the bureaucrats beneath them," Link says,



OLYMPIA, GREECE Demonstrators disrupt the traditional torch-lighting ceremony



BEIJING All smiles as the torch begins its global journey at Tiananmen Square



ISTANBUL Police jostle with ethnic Uighurs demonstrating on the torch route



LONDON Police cordon off protesters as the torch passes Whitehall



PARIS The torch is extinguished several times, then transported in a bus

that the Olympics are meant to showcase.

China's response to the mid-March riots in Tibet has galvanized its critics around the world, who intend to use the run-up to the Olympics as a showcase of their own. The Olympic torch relay has been hounded at practically every step—in London, Paris and San Francisco—by pro-Tibet activists. In the French capital, security officials were obliged to turn off the flame on several occasions to protect it from protesters. Even before it arrived in the U.S. on April 8, activists unfurled FREE TIBET banners from the cables of the Golden Gate Bridge. On April 9, San

The Path of The Olympic Torch

After its lighting ceremony in Olympia, Greece, on March 24, the torch began an 85,000-mile (137,000 km) journey that will stop in 135 cities and pass through six continents before arriving in Beijing on Aug. 6



How it began ... and recent protests

1928 The Olympic torch is inaugurated at the Amsterdam Games, but there's no relay

1936 The first torch relay begins in Olympia and travels more than 1,900 miles (3,000 km) in 12 days—to Adolf Hitler's Berlin

1988 Students in South Korea hurl firebombs at the torch procession, calling for the Seoul Games to be shared with North Korea

2004 The first global torch relay traverses 27 countries en route to Athens

2006 Ahead of the Torino Winter Games, Italian demonstrators briefly grab the torch from a track star. The torch's route is changed three times

2008 The flame becomes a target of pro-Tibet demonstrations in London, Paris and San Francisco

top officials "are frightened about their own positions and don't want to be seen as making 'mistakes,' especially mistakes of softness." This insecurity underlies the central government's heavy-handed tactics and rhetoric, even though repression reduces the country's stature in the global community. "When the rest of the world looks at China, they see this increasingly powerful and confident country," says Wenran Jiang, director of the China Institute at the University of Alberta. "But when the Chinese leadership looks at the country, they see the exact opposite: weaknesses everywhere, rising inflation and civil unrest, environmental disasters and corruption. So the overall mentality of the central authorities is very insecure and nervous." In the case of Tibet, Chinese leaders are now trapped by their own words, which have fueled nationalist sentiments among ordinary Chinese, who believe that Tibet is Chinese territory. Any appearance of compromise by Beijing would likely be intolerable to the public.

China's problems are not confined to

Tibet. There have also been rumblings in the far-western Xinjiang province, populated largely by the Uighur Muslim minority group. Protests by hundreds of Uighurs over religious issues were reported by rights groups in late March. The Chinese press has meanwhile reported several recent clashes with separatist rebels in the province, and in early March the press reported that a Uighur woman had attempted to bring down a domestic passenger jet with a homemade bomb. Add to that widespread discontent over issues such as corruption and rapidly worsening inflation (the price of pork has gone up

'Part of the head-in-sand problem has to do with entrenched bureaucratic interests.'

—PERRY LINK, EXPERT ON CHINA, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

two-thirds in the past year), and you have the makings of a perfect storm.

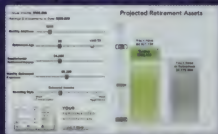
It's a storm that threatens to blow in just when everyone's watching—and deciding whether to participate in—China's Olympics. The Prime Minister of Poland has already indicated he will boycott the opening ceremony because of events in Tibet; French President Nicolas Sarkozy has said he wouldn't rule out a similar move.

The authorities will no doubt make it virtually impossible for journalists to enter Tibet in the months leading up to the Olympics. But it remains unclear exactly how they intend to deal with the estimated 30,000 foreign reporters expected to witness the event, all of them eager to take advantage of Beijing's regulations specifying that they can interview any Chinese people who agree to talk. "They still don't have any idea what is going to hit them," a senior Western academic with close ties to the upper echelons of the Beijing establishment said months before the Tibet eruption, "or how bad they will look to the outside world." They're already starting to find out. ■

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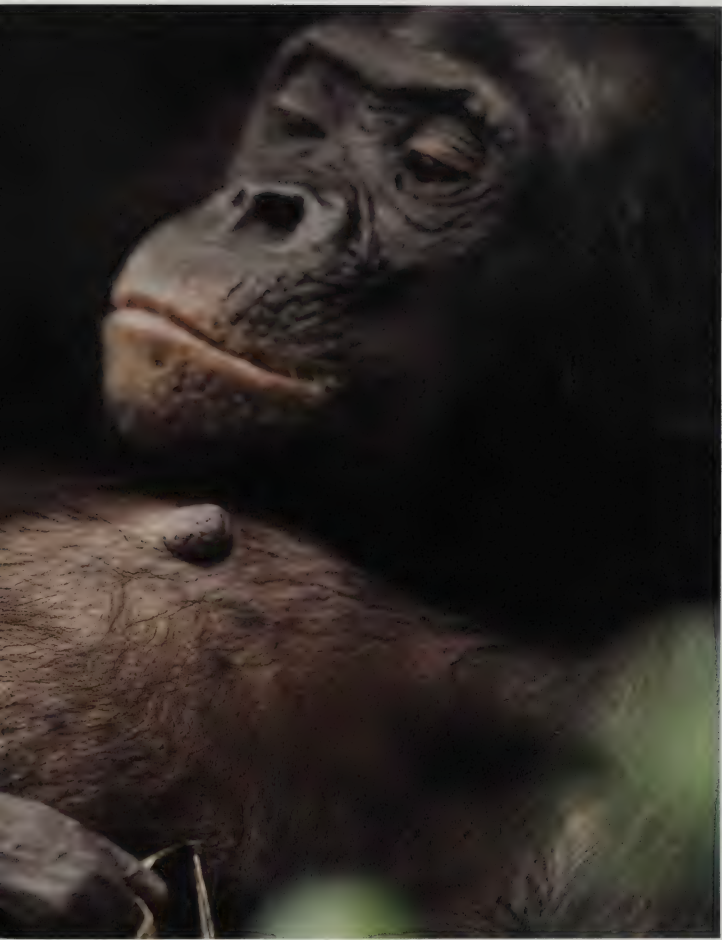
Eden for the Peaceful Apes

Of all our primate kin, none fascinate us like the sociable, sexual bonobo. Conservationists fear for the species' survival, but an answer may have been found in one of the most war-torn parts of the world

BY ALEX PERRY/KOKOLOPORI



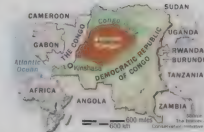
Out of danger The slaughter of bonobo parents leaves babies orphaned; these two are safe, however, in the Lola Ya Bonobo sanctuary outside Kinshasa, D.R.C.





THE HIPPIE CHIMPS ARE SHOWING us no love. The jungle is giving us none either, with army ants, sweat bees and black gnats swarming us. But we have traveled hundreds of miles in a rickety propeller plane to reach a grass strip in the heart of the Congo Basin, nursed a wrecked jeep down 100 miles (160 km) of bicycle track and hacked all morning through vines and thorns on the promise that the peaceniks of the animal kingdom would show us what they're about. So far, there's been some rustling in the trees, a few shrieks and the occasional shadow swinging through the canopy. But there's been no hint even of romance, let alone the bonobo orgies I've read about. Patrick Mehlman, a conservationist and primatologist who has spent his life around African apes, senses my disappointment. "Just because you fly all this way," he says, "doesn't mean you're going to get any."

True enough, but I could be forgiven for expecting more. Bonobos are an endangered African ape found only in the Democratic Republic of Congo (D.R.C.), the vast, sweltering river basin that is Africa's answer to the Amazon. Though they look like chimpanzees, they are a distinct species. They are slightly smaller, for one thing, the better to handle a life spent predominantly in trees. But it is the bonobos' social behavior that fascinates humans. While gorillas beat their chests and chimpanzees fight savage wars, bonobos appear to be largely animals of peace. They live communally, enjoy gender equality and, when disputes occur, resolve their differences through sex—straight sex, gay sex and sometimes, when different bonobo troops cross paths, group sex. "Their basic disposition is compassionate," says Sally Cox, president and



a co-founder of the Washington-based non-profit group Bonobo Conservation Initiative (BCI), who is guiding our trip.

The bonobos' peaceable nature, however, has not spared them an unhappy history. Like most great apes, they are in decline, victims of poachers who kill them for bush meat, loggers and miners who destroy their habitat and healers who prize their bones as part of a potion for pregnant women. Estimates of the surviving bonobo population range from a few thousand to the low tens of thousands. But every study indicates that the figure is falling.

And yet last November, an odd thing happened. The normally dysfunctional Congolese government set aside a vast new nature reserve in Sankuru in central Congo. Measuring 11,803 sq. mi. (30,750 sq km)—or roughly the size of Massachusetts—the area will serve as a sanctuary not only for bonobos but also for 10 other species of primates as well as elephants and the endangered okapi, a short-necked cousin of the giraffe. As remarkable as the protection the reserve will provide is the fact that such a set-aside got created at all. Trying to carve so pastoral a corner out of so violent a country is never easy, and the particular way conservationists went about establishing this one can serve as a model for all such work in the developing world—

Swinging A bonobo in the trees of Kokolopori, a community-based bonobo reserve, in Congo

paying dividends not just to the animals and wilderness being cared for but also to the people doing the caring. "I believe if we save the bonobos," says André Tusumba, a conservationist and the leader of the effort to create Sankuru, "we save ourselves."

It Takes a Village

YALOKOLE IS A TOWN OF GRASS-ROOFED huts on the edge of the Kokolopori forest, erected around a giant termite mound on which sit two wooden talking drums—still the only way to communicate long distance in central Congo. Close by, in Yalokole's mud-floor, mud-wall, tin-roof church, Tusumba is giving a speech.

"Did the state give you a hospital?" he asks the congregation of 75 local notables.

"No!" they reply.

"Did the state give you a school?"

"No!"

"Roads?"

"No!"

"Conservation brought a school. Conservation brought a clinic. Conservation brings development!" he says. The church erupts in applause.

Tusumba, 45, is a straight-backed, teetotaling former deputy governor of Kasai province who never quite fit in politics. He started to come to that conclusion in 2000, when his constituents brought him a baby bonobo as a gift. Tusumba realized the villagers had slaughtered a bonobo family to obtain the little female. Rather than raise her as a pet, he decided to make her part of his family. "I used to eat with her at my table," he says. When Tusumba's term as deputy governor ended in 2004, he started concentrating full time on conservation, knowing he was taking on a very big job.

For as long as people have been mindful of the need to protect wildlife, there's been one way to get the job done: separate the animals from the people. To Tusumba, that always smacked of colonialism. Draw lines around any community, and you impose your will on the populations on both sides of the boundaries. "Older environmentalists wanted to preserve the people as well as the animals," says Tusumba, "like they were picking specimens in a bottle." If this was culturally stultifying for humans, it was lethal for wildlife. Africa's national parks have been historically poorly policed, with officials herding animals together and leaving them unprotected—in effect, creating a live meat locker for poachers.

Tusumba and others knew there might be a way to do things differently. As long ago as 1998, villagers in the east Congo community of Tayna came up with the

idea of running their own reserve to protect the Grauer's gorilla. The locals determined the areas that would be set aside as wildlife zones, human communities or mixed-use areas. They decided how access would be controlled; and if there was work to be had as trackers, guards or porters, they would do it. In 2001 Mehlman, then working for the Dian Fossey Gorilla Fund International, approached his employers and other public and private groups and successfully solicited additional funding for Tayna. The project expanded, and by 2003, the community had built its own university specializing in environmental studies. "Seven hours up a dirt track, a people in the midst of a civil war realized their future depended on conservation biology," says Mehlman. "It's the most inspiring thing I've seen in my whole life."

Tayna wasn't the only place conservation was being creatively rethought. BCI was applying similar principles in a 1,500-sq.-mi. (4,000 sq km) area in the Kokolopori forest to the west. Here too, locals drew the boundaries of the reserve, but this time there were more agreements covering the establishment of schools, roads and medical clinics, and investment in transportation, communications, power generation, microcredit and agriculture.

The money for such development came once again from donors, and since local workers and materials were used, even a little revenue could go a long way. What's more, the old top-down method of letting the government distribute the funds was done away with. Instead, conservation groups would ask the villagers what they wanted, deliver it themselves and make conservation a condition of that delivery. BCI's ultimate aim is the creation of a Bonobo Peace Forest, a series of linked preserves covering a great swath of central Congo.

Closer to Utopia

IF THAT GOAL SOUNDS UTOPIAN, IT NONE the less came closer to being realized last fall. Even as Kokolopori sought the government's formal designation as a protected nature reserve (a move that may come as soon as June), Tusumba was leading the charge to apply the new conservation techniques more aggressively still to a third place: the Sankuru area. So convincing was he that President Joseph Kabila allowed the nearly 12,000-sq.-mi. (31,080 sq km) region to jump the queue and earn the reserve designation first. Adding that to the 95,000 sq. mi. (244,000 sq km) the country has already declared reserve land means 10.5% of the D.R.C. is now under

protection, more than two-thirds of the way to the government's long-stated goal of 15%. When I join Cox, Mehlman and Tusumba, they are touring the Congo Basin, spreading their conservation message in the hope of adding that final third.

If the new model of conservation is so smart, why did it take bonobos to push us there? There's no denying that human beings are powerfully drawn to other high primates—and to bonobos perhaps most of all. Depending on which lab report you use, bonobos vie with chimpanzees for the title of man's closest relative, with a 98.4% to 98.6% DNA match. As a result, says Cox, understanding the bonobo is "fundamental to our understanding of ourselves."

Still, it was an understanding we came to late. Bonobos were recognized as a separate species only in 1933, less because of their subtle physical distinctions than because of their peaceable, highly sexual ways. The bonobos' best-known champion is Frans de Waal, a primatologist at Emory University. De Waal argues that bonobos overturn established, bloody notions of the origins of man. So popular has this idea become that for humans, bonobos are now cultural—and commercial—darlings. A raw vegetarian restaurant in New York City calls itself Bonobo's. California sex therapist Susan Block has developed a conflict-resolution protocol dubbed the Bonobo Way. (Sample dictum: "You can't very well fight a war while you're having an orgasm.") But do bonobos deserve their gentle rep?

In a July 2007 article in the *New Yorker*, writer Ian Parker reported a bonobo pack aggressively pursuing a baby duiker—a kind of small antelope. Cox admits that her Kokolopori researchers reported troubling behavior in one bonobo group after a female gave birth to a stillborn baby. "The

other adults let her keep the dead baby for a day," she says. "Then they ate it." These reports have given rise to a prickly cultural debate, with the unknowing bonobos being recruited into America's political wars. BONOBOS' GENTLE QUALITIES MAY BE OVERSTATED, said a headline in the *Wall Street Journal* after Parker's piece appeared. De Waal shot back in *eSkeptic* magazine, accusing Parker of being a "revisionist." Says Cox: "The right wing doesn't like bonobos, but open-minded liberals love them."

On my second day in the forest, a group of 21 bonobos, oblivious to the political silliness an ocean away, oblige the liberals by showing us their gentler side. A baby kisses its mother. A group of females shoo an unpopular male away with matriarchal authority. A bonobo couple, apparently enjoying a kind of ape honeymoon, share figs, nuts and shoots and hang out in the trees with moonfaced expressions before copulating twice high up in the canopy.

The truth is, of course, that 1.4% to 1.6% of DNA and millions of years of evolution equals an evolutionary ocean. Even the most liberated humans would hesitate to have sex in front of complete strangers. And bonobos aren't likely to harness fire or invent the wheel or the Internet soon. Still, for too long the study of nature has been the study of zero-sum savagery—a universal bloodlust that allows us to shrug at our own brutality, reckoning that mere animals like us can hardly be expected to do better. Discovering such close genetic cousins who behave themselves so well—even sometimes—ought to give us pause. There are already plenty of reasons to save the Congo Basin, but teaching the highest species on the planet the value of a little peace and love is one more very good one. ■



Persuading Mehlman, seated, being introduced during a conservation campaign in Yakokole

The Epic Man

From iconic movie hero to gun advocate, Charlton Heston embodied both our grandest and our most ornery beliefs

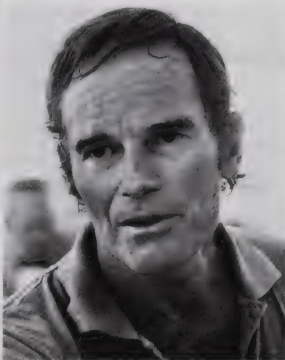
NOBODY WANTED TO SEE CHARLTON HESTON in the business suit or polo shirt that other stars of the '50s and '60s wore. The present was too puny a place to confine him. But put him in a toga or a military uniform from any millennium, or strip him to the waist to reveal that finely muscled torso, then let his tense, intense baritone voice articulate a noble notion, and you had Hollywood's ideal of Mensa beefcake. In the era of the movie epic, he was the iconic hero, adding to these films millions in revenue, plenty of muscle and to IQ points. The movie Heston was almost his own species: Epic Man.

Heston, who died April 5 at 84, was unique among Hollywood stars. Of no other actor could you say, He was born to play Moses, Ben-Hur, El Cid, Michelangelo. At the very moment Marlon Brando was freeing film-acting from good manners, Heston proved there was thrilling life in the endangered tradition of speaking well and looking great. And when he wasn't the movies' avatar of antique glory, he was our emissary to the future: the last man on earth in two dystopian science-fiction films, *Planet of the Apes* and *The Omega Man*. Heston was the alpha and omega of movie manhood—our civilized ancestor, our elevated destiny.

He was born John Carter, in Evanston, Ill.; he took his stage name from his mother's and stepfather's surnames. At Northwestern University, he appeared in a student film of *Peer Gynt*, and by 1950 he had made his way to Hollywood. Director Cecil B. DeMille immediately saw the actor's appeal, casting him in *The Greatest Show on Earth*, then giving him the role

of Moses in *The Ten Commandments*. At 32, Heston passed as the old patriarch and aced the movie's crucial scene: Moses holding his staff above his head, parting the waters of the Red Sea and commanding the Israelites to walk on command.

Ben-Hur confirmed Heston's status as epic hero; it won 11 Oscars (including one for Heston as Best Actor). Truth to tell,



The loner as conqueror Heston, seen here in 1973, had no equal playing characters who were powerful, pure and fiercely driven

Ben-Hur was long and logy, but it got the actor his finest role in his best film. *El Cid* is up there with *Lawrence of Arabia* in the epic empyrean: passionate, eloquent, with a visual and emotional grandeur. As the 11th-century soldier seeking peace with Spain's large Muslim minority, Heston gave heroic heft to a pacifist warrior. At the end, the Cid, close to death, orders that his body be strapped to his horse and carried out to battle so that his presence will put fear into the enemy—a ripe metaphor for the enduring power of star quality.

As the epic form waned, Heston found new life as the ultimate loner, the only human among mutant species, in *Planet of the Apes* and *The Omega Man*. "Damn you all to hell!" he cried in *Planet*, as if he were Moses smashing the commandments, enraged by the weakness of humanity.


That mood eventually settled on Heston. In the '60s he marched with Martin Luther King Jr., and after Robert Kennedy's death, he called for gun control. But like many young liberals, he aged into conservatism. In the '80s he became a prime spokesman for right-wing causes and in 1998 the president of the National Rifle Association (NRA). At the 2000 NRA convention, he invoked his own Moses, hoisting a rifle above his head and proclaiming that presidential candidate Al Gore could remove the gun only by prying it "from my cold, dead hands."

Heston had a final great role to play. In 2002 he announced that he was suffering from Alzheimer's-like symptoms and, in a last burst of eloquence, declared, "I must reconcile courage and surrender in equal measure." Not even a movie hero can write a happy ending to his own life, but maybe in the enveloping vagueness, Heston


had one. With him when he died was Lydia Clarke Heston, his wife of 64 years.

From start to finish, Heston was a grand, ornery anachronism, the sinewy symbol of a time when Hollywood took itself seriously, when heroes came from history books, not comic books. Epics like *Ben-Hur* or *El Cid* simply couldn't be made today, in part because popular culture has changed as much as political fashion. But mainly because there's no one remotely like Charlton Heston to infuse the form with his stature, fire and guts. ■

At the moment Brando was freeing acting from good manners, Heston proved there was life in the endangered tradition of speaking well and looking great





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Baby boutiques are
featuring nursery lines
with curvilinear high chairs

DESIGN, PAGE 63

Life

TRAVEL DESIGN SPORT



Food and drink
Tastings at
breweries,
unlike at
vineyards,
involve eating

TRAVEL

A Beer Lover's Paradise. Who needs Napa? Colorado offers fans of craft brews their own playland of tours and tasting bars

BY JOEL STEIN

TOURING WINERIES CAN MAKE YOU FEEL like a jerk. Not just from saying that yes, you do totally taste the gooseberry in that merlot but also because the chemistry of oenology makes you feel stupid, the picking and crushing of grapes makes you feel wimpy, and the giant estates make you feel poor.

Luckily, the growth of the craft-beer industry has spurred the proletariat-friendly

beer tour. Sure, there are downsides to brewery-touring: because barley and hops ship well, breweries are traditionally far from pastoral farms and close to ugly, industrial areas, and because artisanal-beer makers tend to be hippies, you're going to hear a lot of Grateful Dead. But there are some major upsides: you can visit breweries, unlike wineries, right in major cities; you're finished admiring the opera-

tions in 10 minutes; and instead of sipping and spitting in uptight tasting rooms, you down samples in attached bars, many of which have food—much of it fried.

The best place for brewery-touring is Denver, partly because of its water, partly because it's the home of Coors and partly because skier, mountain-biker and hiker dudes love them some beer. Sure, Portland, Ore., has more microbrew outlets,



but many of its 46 brewhouses are brewpubs, which produce beer only for their own bars, and part of the fun of a beer tour is seeing where bottles you can buy at home are manufactured. San Diego may have a more innovative beer scene—guys experimenting with huge alcohol and huge bitterness—but it has only 28 breweries, and the intensity of the beer will freak out anyone who grew up on Bud. But Denver, dubbed the Napa of Beer, is the most tourist-friendly. It has 74 breweries within 100 miles (160 km) of downtown, restaurants that often offer beer vs. wine pairings, the yearly Great American Beer Festival and the country's first chief beer officer.

He's Scott Kerkmans, a former brewer who was hired last year by Four Points by Sheraton to help design its Best Brews program, which puts local beers on tap in the hotel chain's bars across the country. Kerkmans, 28, also recently set up a bus tour of Denver-area breweries (brewtours.com), and he invited me to some of his favorites. The thing was, I explained, I don't really like beer.

This did not faze Kerkmans, who was sure he'd have me loving beer by the first afternoon. We started by trying some nonlight American lagers over lunch at the hotel bar to figure out what I like, which definitely included a beer float using vanilla ice cream and an ale called Tommyknocker Cocoa Porter Winter Warmer. What I liked, Kerkmans determined, was rich, toasty malt over biting hops, ales over lagers and anything with a Belgian yeast. I also seemed to like beers more when I drank a lot of them.

The next day we drove 45 minutes north to Longmont, near Boulder. At Left Hand Brewing Co., co-founder Dick Doore, who has a master's in mechanical engineering as well as a crazy, bushy mound of long red hair and a beard, took us behind his beautiful wooden bar and gave us a tour of the vat rooms, which were littered with copies of the *New Yorker* and a half-finished chess game. Afterward, I sat at the combination bar—gift shop, and Doore let me pour a cream stout that was all malty, roasty goodness.

From there, our hired driver (hey, you

can't drink this much and drive) took Kerkmans and me one town over to Lyons, where we parked in a strip mall to drink at Oskar Blues, a brewery—restaurant—country bar that is one of the few craft breweries that can their beer, claiming it stays fresher than it does in a bottle because light never gets in (a *New York Times* panel of critics named Oskar Blues' Dale's Pale Ale its favorite American pale ale). Oskar's sells a beer-flavored lip balm and some very intense beers. That means they're high alcohol (up to 10.5%, compared with 5% for a Coors) and have wads of hops—the green, pinecone-looking plant that gives beer its floral aroma and bitterness. In fact, bitterness is measurable (in International Bittering Units, or IBUs), and brewers are almost all men, so they tend to get competitive about how many IBUs they can get into a beer, no matter how insanely expensive and difficult it has become to get hops because of increased demand and weather-affected shortages and no matter what kind of face the hop attacks cause me to make.

Our next stop was Boulder, where we visited Avery Brewing. While located in some kind of industrial park, it has a lovely, Napa-like tasting room. Avery makes some of the most extreme beers in the Denver area: with a high cost (some are \$10 for a 12-oz. [40 mL] bottle), a high alcohol content (as much as 18%) and a high IBU count (more than 100, which is a whole lot when you consider that Budweiser's is 8.5). "We make beer for weirdos," explains president Adam Avery. For dinner, we went to the Kitchen, a local organic restaurant, where our waiter knew an awful lot about beer and how to pair it with food. I wish he had known a little bit more about making sure people drank enough water with their beer so they didn't feel so hung over in the morning.

Still, I woke up early the next day and, in the most American morning of my life, ate some fresh pie (besides the Best Brews program, Four Points has a pie program), watched some exhibition baseball and got right to drinking beer. Kerkmans led me around Denver, where, just blocks from Coors Field, we went to Wynkoop Brewing Co., a microbrewery co-founded by the city's mayor, John Hickenlooper. It's a big, sprawling restaurant with a comedy theater in the basement, and brewer Thomas Larsen makes a beer subtly flavored with chili spices and a stout with oatmeal and other nonbarley grains. He generally uses British hops, which I found easier to take.



Highlights on The Ale Trail

Joel's guide to a hopping good time at Denver-area breweries and other beer-friendly sites

1 Oskar Blues A waitress plays a video game at one of the few craft breweries that can their beer. It also offers music and Southern, Cajun-inspired food.



8 Four Points by Sheraton The hotel has a Best Brews program that puts local beers on tap. It is also home to the nation's first chief beer officer.



Larsen says he's more interested in making "session beers"—you can drink several at a time—than in producing the extreme beers other Denver brewers are increasingly making. "It's an American thing. Everybody thinks bigger is better, and you have to throw as much of this or that in," he says of the hopheads.

After a few more breweries, I tried to duck out of the tour parts, since they were all the same: they smelled like baking



Many choices
A range of brews at the Wynkoop Brewing Co.

Instead of sipping and tasting wine in uptight tasting rooms, you can down samples of beer in attached bars



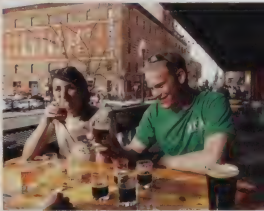
2 Left Hand Brewing Co. Co-owner Dick Doore offers samples of ales and stouts in his tasting room



3 Avery Brewing Bikers take a break in this family-owned outfit that specializes in products with high alcohol content and intense flavors



Beer Country
For more photos of the brews of Colorado, go to time.com/beer



4 Wynkoop Brewing Co. This pioneering microbrewery was co-founded by Denver's mayor



7 Bull & Bush David Patterson in the basement brewery he and a partner run under their cozy pub, which also serves vintage beers

6 Breckenridge BBQ & Brewpub Visitors can enjoy a comforting combination of handcrafted stouts and traditional barbecue while watching the brewmasters work



5 Great Divide Brewing Co. Brian Dunn, in a hops-patterned shirt, takes extra pride in his "really big beers" that have a really strong, bitter flavor

bread, there were huge kettles where the brewers threw barley (delicious raw) and hops shaped into long-lasting pellets (not as delicious), and somewhere men at a tiny assembly line were boxing bottles and listening to the Grateful Dead.

But on the other side of the warehouse door, at the bar, the breweries were all different. Some served barbecue, others Mexican food. Many had fried things; some offered just beer. Some were filled

with regulars downing pints; others were primarily for tourists coming to taste. And just as American wineries now grow grapes from nearly every European region, I was able to sample all the world's beer styles, from the weird red Lambics of Belgium, which taste like Sour Patch Kids candy, to chocolaty Irish porters.

Though I was pretty beered out by the end of my three-day stay, we made a pre-airport stop at a homey, British-style pub

called the Bull & Bush, a microbrewery where the vintage-beer menu includes a bottle of Thomas Hardy's Ale from 1980 for \$35 and a Chimay Grand Reserve from 1999 for \$60. To my shock, while I waited for my delayed flight at Denver International, I stopped at the New Belgium Pub, where I had one of its malty Fat Tire ales. I don't know if there are any studies on this, but I think this beer-drinking thing may be addictive. ■

What satisfies a hungry woman?



DESIGN

Now It's Baby Eames. Parents are leaving the pastels behind and going for a more contemporary look in the nursery

BY CAROLYN SAYRE

HAVING A BABY WILL certainly change your life. But it doesn't have to change your décor. The newest trend in children's furniture does away with pastel hues and cartoon characters in favor of bold colors and clean lines that fit right in with the modern aesthetic that defines today's interior design.

Baby boutiques and department stores are featuring nursery lines with curvilinear high chairs, sleek wooden rockers and oval-shaped cribs that would make modernist masters Charles and Ray Eames feel at home. "It used to be unheard of to have anything but a pink or blue nursery," says Trish Holbrook-Meyler, owner of Modern Nursery, an online boutique whose

sales have risen 84% over the past year. "But today's generation of parents—who tend to be older and more used to their existing décor—are opting for sleeker lines that go with the rest of their furniture." You may pay extra for these chic chairs and dressers, but many of them can be reused later in other rooms. Meanwhile, they give baby a head start on good taste. ■

Mod Rocker, \$285-\$385 *This elegant twist on the bentwood chair comes in a chic dark stain*



Stokke Oval Crib, \$869 *The Norwegian firm offers an edgy look with a bed that is all curves*



P'kolino Klikk, \$198 *A boldly colored modular desk set, it snaps together like a puzzle*



Bloom Loft High Chair, \$400-\$500 *Salon-style seating with a pneumatic lift*



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SPORT

Swinging for Female Golfers. More golf clubs are being designed specifically for women. We put them to the test

BY ALICE PARK

EVERYONE WHO PLAYS GOLF IS SOMETHING of a closet geek. How else can you explain our (yes, I include myself in this group) obsession with the latest biometric-based designs or the newest high-tech components like polymers and alloys and all the other neat-sounding stuff that club-makers pack into their new products?

One of the hottest areas of innovation is in clubs for women, who now make up nearly a quarter of the 24 million golfers in the U.S., with young women becoming the fastest-growing group of all. So when Callaway and Nike, two of the leading golf-equipment manufacturers, recently released new clubs designed specifically for women, I couldn't wait to take some test swings.

Most women's clubs have been simply men's sticks with lighter shafts attached or done up in pretty colors. But when I tried out Callaway's new irons at my local range, I was immediately struck by how different they looked and felt. Instead of a thin base, the i-brid, as it's called, has a broader, flat

sole that can sit on the turf only one way—the right way, at the angle that virtually guarantees the ball will get into the air. "With the i-brid, you make a regular swing, and you get loft and distance," says Brian Groves, vice president at Callaway. The clubs are also weighted differently from those designed for men, with much of the ballast concentrated in the bottom of the club to optimize the chance that even women's slower swing speeds will launch the ball down the fairway. The odd shape of the i-brid took some getting used to, but I definitely hit more consistently after a few tries. It's ideal for those just learning the game, since it acts as training wheels until a newbie has figured out the proper setup of the club—something I wish I'd had when I first hit the greens.

Nike's new equipment for women includes the SQ irons, the first of what will be several sets that are weighted with the female swing in mind, and the Karma, a ball that efficiently transfers the least amount of energy from a swing into a longer distance on the fairway. Amazingly, the new clubs cost less than traditional ones. And that's a sweet spot any new golfer can appreciate.

Prepare to launch

The author, left, tried out Callaway's i-brid iron and found that the club's broader base makes it easier to swing than a traditional club, which has a thinner sole



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Health Brief

HEALTH TIPS FOR BUSY PEOPLE

SPRING 2008

EAT FOR YOUR HEART

FILL UP ON HEALTHY GRAINS, OILS, FISH, FRUITS AND VEGGIES
AND YOUR HEART WILL THANK YOU.

PEOPLE SOMETIMES STRUGGLE WITH EATING RIGHT, but it's not all that hard once you know a few basics. And the rewards are well worth it: A healthy diet not only keeps your waistline trim (too many inches around your midsection—35 inches is max for women, 40 for men—can raise your blood pressure and cholesterol levels), it helps you feel satisfied and full of energy.

Healthful eating starts at the supermarket, where what you choose to throw into your cart can either work for or against your body. Begin by making a list (some studies say that without a list you'll end up buying 30 percent more impulse items—most of them probably unhealthy) and sticking to it. Load up on lean protein (your body digests it more slowly than carbs so you feel fuller longer) and plenty of antioxidant-rich fruits and vegetables. The more colorful the fresh produce, the better it is for you.

Read labels to make sure you're buying whole grains with at least 3 grams of fiber per serving, low-sodium

items (less than 480 milligrams per serving) and low-sugar foods (less than 10 grams per serving).

Know your fats before you buy. Rule number one is to shun nasty trans fats, which can raise your risk of heart disease and elevate cholesterol. If a product contains hydrogenated oil (a trans fat used in lots of crackers and cookies), give it a miss. Instead, choose foods with heart-healthy monounsaturated fats that deliver omega-3 and omega-6 fatty acids—essentials the body can't make by itself. Omega-3s fight inflammation and may help prevent heart disease, high blood pressure, diabetes and cancer. Some smart choices? Cold-water fish (such as salmon, herring and tuna), flax, walnuts, spinach, arugula,

avocados and soy products like tofu and edamame are delicious *and* good for you.

If snacking is your downfall, take home filling treats that are also tasty: almonds, sweet potatoes (ready in a jiffy in the microwave) and low-fat yogurt.



HARVEY IMAGES

Resources

WEB SITES

The Nutrition Source

www.hsph.harvard.edu/nutritionsource
The Department of Nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health explores the very latest science about healthy eating for adults at this tip-filled site. Find out exactly what you should eat for maximum health—from protein to fiber, fats to carbohydrates, and fruits to vegetables—how much and why.

USDA MyPyramid

www.mypyramid.gov/pyramid/grains_tips.html

Check out the new food pyramid at this site from the United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) for advice on how to determine healthy portion sizes and work them into your daily diet. Its interactive MyPyramid Tracker can help you choose the foods and amounts that are right for you. You'll find smart choices from every food group, how to balance food intake and physical activity

and how to get the most nutrition out of your daily calories.

My Recipes

www.myrecipes.com/recipes/healthydiet
Looking for recipes for delicious, healthy meals? Satisfying salads? 100-calorie snacks? Low-fat desserts? You'll find all that plus nutrition news and diet guidelines at this site brought to you by the healthy-eating experts at *Cooking Light* and *Health* magazines.

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RUN FOR YOUR LIFE

THE MORE ACTIVE YOU ARE, THE BETTER YOU'LL FEEL.
HERE'S HOW TO EMBRACE A HEALTHY LIFESTYLE THE EASY WAY.



OK, YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUN TO BE HEALTHY; you just have to get moving somehow. The surgeon general recommends at least 30 minutes of moderate physical activity every day. That sounds like a lot, but you'd be surprised how much you can easily sneak into your week if you break it up into mini-workouts that suit you and your schedule. In fact, if you're really time crunched, 15 minutes of running is worth 30 minutes of walking.

A simple way to keep track of your activity: Count steps instead of minutes. Slip on a pedometer—proven to be a great exercise motivator—to help you keep track of daily steps. These days pedometers come in a variety of nongeeqy

styles and shapes; some of them can even be tucked into a pocket or purse.

Your goal should be 10,000 steps a day—definitely achievable if you count that morning skedaddle to work, the midday rush to the dry cleaner or across town to a meeting and every time you walk the dog, mow the lawn or climb the basement steps. Add 20 minutes on the elliptical trainer or lift weights while watching your favorite sitcom and you'll exceed your 30-minute or 10,000-step requirement in no time.

If you simply can't reach your exercise goals during the week, there's nothing wrong with doing double duty on the weekends. Take an hour-long hike in the park on Saturday and around the mall on Sunday. You'll be surprised at how any physical activity will help you work off the stresses of the week before and give you renewed energy for the week ahead.

For even more health benefits, hike your exercise intensity. Head for the hills when you take your walks. Walking up (and down) an incline uses more muscles and energy. Using walking poles (similar to ski poles) can increase calories burned by as much as 30 percent. Add jumping jacks at the end of each 1,000 steps or do part of your routine carrying light weights. If swimming is your thing, speed up every other lap. This interval strategy of increasing speed or pushing harder helps you consume more oxygen and burn more energy.

The best thing about exercise? It keeps on giving long after you're finished. Your body can take hours to recover from a good workout and during that time it's still burning extra calories. And once you've built up some muscle, that's working hard for you, too, because muscles use more energy than fat.

Resources

WEB SITES

American Council on Exercise (ACE)
www.acefitness.org

The nonprofit American Council on Exercise is called "America's Authority on Fitness" because of the training and certification standards it sets for fitness professionals. But its site is a boon to nonprofessionals too. The Health + Fitness Info section offers illustrated exercise directions, answers to common fitness questions, healthy recipes and the latest research on the effectiveness of various workouts.

Fitness Online

www.fitnessonline.com

Calculate your body mass index, ideal weight, calories burned and more at this fitness site. With plenty of workouts—from yoga to hard-core muscle building—and expert advice on the right exercise for you.

BOOKS

Hyperfitness by Sean Burch, Avery, 2008, \$10.95 (paperback)

Author Sean Burch is a record-holder in extreme sports events, but don't let that scare you. No matter your starting shape, Burch's innovative exercises and drills are designed to give you the strength, quickness and endurance of a world-class athlete. With names like "aerial spins" and "ski-mogul master jumps," the exercises are fun and varied and encompass three fitness levels. You'll discover you're stronger and more fit than you thought.

Garden Your Way to Health and Fitness by Bunny Guinness and Jacqueline Knox, Timber Press, 2008, \$13.57

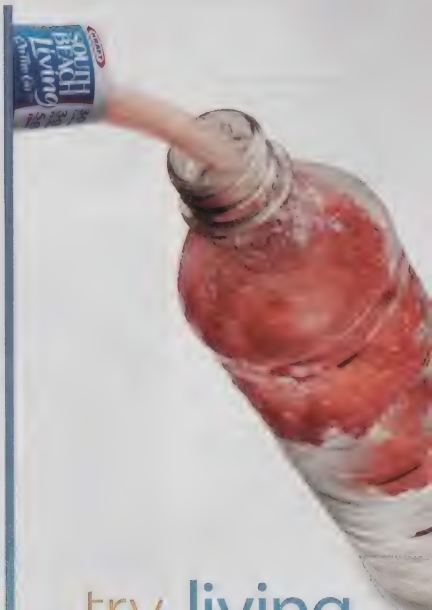
Sounds crazy, but you'll soon be convinced by this book: Garden the right way and you can get a good workout. Step-by-step sequences based on the Pilates method illustrate the safe way to push wheelbarrows, lift heavy pots, pick low-lying fruit and much more in a way that boosts fitness while avoiding stress and strains.

You: Staying Young: The Owner's Manual for Extending Your Warranty by Michael F. Roizen and Mehmet C. Oz, Free Press, 2007, \$15.60

No excuses! If you want to live longer—and better—you need to walk a half-hour every single day. That's one of the must-dos laid out by physicians Roizen and Oz in their tip-packed book about living a healthy lifestyle. The book includes a 14-day plan of exercise and eating habits designed to keep you fit and young.

add
something
to your water

that
really *adds*
something
to your water.



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Our Strawberry Banana Tide Me Over™
Drink Mix has 3 grams of protein and
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try living



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The StressEraser is an award-winning medical device clinically proven to reduce the harmful effects of stress when used for just 15-minutes a day. And this easy to use FDA regulated marvel is also beautifully designed and crafted.



Stress - One Reaction, Many Harmful Effects

The old maxim that exercise is good for almost everything is true.

Exercise improves our health, it reduces our waistline and it even helps us maintain a positive mental outlook. Interestingly, stress affects us in the opposite way. It can ruin our health, it adds inches to our waists, and its nerve inducing tension negatively impacts our emotions as well. Stress can affect the way we eat, the way we interact with our spouses and children, and even the way we sleep. So much harm comes from this one biological reaction.

Because stress affects so much of our lives, it's critical we learn to control the stress reaction. Fortunately, the StressEraser medical device lets us do this easily and effectively.

Bedtime - The Secret to Reversing the Impact of Stress

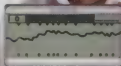
Many of us experience stress all day long, often from the moment we get out of bed. The stress continues to build all throughout the day. So you may be wondering how a short amount of time - only 15 minutes

- could possibly dissolve the long accumulated burden of stress. The secret is all about timing.

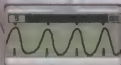
The StressEraser is designed to be used in bed, right before you fall asleep, so you can enter sleep with a deeply relaxed body and a profoundly calm mind. Then you can continue to reverse the effects of stress all night long while you sleep!

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BEFORE: StressEraser indicators show the presence of physical and emotional stress and/or strained breathing.



AFTER 15 MINUTES: Harmful stress levels significantly reduced after using StressEraser cues to synchronize your breathing.



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Rich Resigno, *Barron's Our Gadget of the Week*

BARRON'S

"Guess what... It erased my stress. After just a few days I was breathing like a Zen monk, at least while my finger was on the meter."

Michael Spector, *Men's Vogue*

WIRE

"Unbelievably calming!"

Los Angeles Times

"This must be one of the few gadgets nowadays that doesn't double up as an MP3 player. It'll calm you down though, more than your favorite tunes..."

Men's Health

"I tried it... a pretty remarkable tool."

MSNBC

"Now you don't have to use a \$3000 machine at your doctor's."

Forbes

"I've been trying the StressEraser from Helix for a couple of days, and I already regard it as my favorite meditation teacher yet."

The Boston Globe

"You feel so relaxed yet focused."

AMERICA

"9 out of 10"

WIRED

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International readers: the StressEraser is not yet available to ship outside of the United States.

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Why martial-arts heroes
outkick Western ones
The Big Picture, page 73

Arts

TELEVISION MOVIES DOWNTIME



TELEVISION

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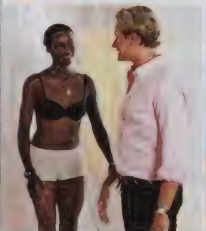
The current crop of reality TV is less about makeovers and competitions, and more about therapy

BY JAMES PONIEWOZIK

WHEN OPRAH WINFREY ANNOUNCED THAT she was getting into the reality-TV business, it seemed to make as much sense as declaring that her book club would henceforth be devoted to discussing first-person-shooter video games. From her talk show to TV movies like *Tuesdays with Morrie*, Oprah is the queen of middlebrow television uplift. Whereas reality TV is better known for—what's the opposite of uplift? Downpush?

As usual, we should not have doubted her. *Oprah's Big Give* (the season finale airs April 20) became a decent midseason hit for ABC—decent in both scale and philosophy. The competition, in which contestants race to give away vast sums of money to the needy, combines the adrenaline rush of reality TV with the charitainment of Oprah's talk show. (Lest we forget: "You get a car! You get a car! Everybody gets a car!")

Big Give focuses on the effect of charity: not only the material good it does the recipient but also the spiritual good it does the giver. Its contestants seem to have been chosen as much for their backstories and



Mind games Clockwise from top: Pinsky, right, raps with D-listers on *Rehab*; Moment probes old wounds; *Give* teaches helping yourself by helping others; Kressley coaches self-esteem; Loser espouses big dreams and small waists

challenges as for their ability to help others: there's a paraplegic out to prove that she has no limits; a woman in a midlife crisis; a man who uses one challenge to seek out the help of his estranged father, who grew apart from him after a divorce. On *Big Give*, reality TV is not just a vehicle for giving stuff away. It's a form of therapy.

But Oprah does not have the only Oprahesque reality show on TV today; more and more of them are overtly or covertly about mental makeovers. *The Biggest Loser*

Like diet books that promise to keep off the fat forever (or until the next diet book, whichever comes first), these shows play off the American ideal of self-reinvention

coaches weight loss. MTV's *Made* gives out-cast kids self-confidence; the CW's *Beauty and the Geek* does the same for socially challenged nerds and academically challenged hotties. *Supernanny* gives tough love to out-of-control kids (and parents); A&E's *Intervention*, to addicts. On TLC's *The Secret Life of a Soccer Mom*, women who gave up careers to stay home go back to work for a week, then reconcile themselves with their life choices. Even TV Land has a new feel-good reality show, *The Big 4-0*, which helps people come to terms with turning 40 (and with the fact that they are now in TV Land's demographic, not MTV's).

It may seem contradictory, but it makes perfect sense. As cutthroat as the reality genre is, it has always had a touchy-feely side, dealing with relationship troubles, self-esteem issues and personal demons, all steeped in the pop-therapy language of personal growth through challenge. From *Survivor* to *American Idol*, reality's premise has been that what does not get

you eliminated makes you stronger. *The Amazing Race* (which shares two producers with *Big Give*) is part contest, part couples' therapy. The pairs of players who race around the world—squabbling marrieds, doubtful fiancés, estranged parents and kids—regularly say they signed up as much to work on their relationships as to win a million bucks.

Now even makeover shows have become about sprucing up your psyche. Carson Kressley (*Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*) makes over women with body-image issues on Lifetime's *How to Look Good Naked*. To Kressley, the secret is finding not the right bra size but the right frame of mind, shedding not pounds but psychological baggage. Like a Dove commercial writ large, he gets plus-size women to see that they're sexy through such subtle steps as plastering cheesecake pictures of them on billboards and videotaping the hubba-hubba comments of passersby. Likewise, on the Bravo show *Tim Gunn's Guide to Style*, the *Project Runway* host transforms from fashion coach into life coach, firmly but sympathetically persuading woman after woman to throw out her old wardrobe—and thereby her old views of herself, her status and her limitations.

But betterment through reality is not only for the little people (or, as on *The Biggest Loser*, the big people). VH1, home of "celebrity" shows about the almost famous, has produced one of the most fascinating shows so far this year with *Celebrity Rehab*. Whereas the network's *The Surreal Life* brought D-listers together to drink, flirt and fight under the same roof, *Rehab* was the corollary cautionary tale in which substance-abusing guests checked into an actual rehab facility under the care of Loveline's Dr. Drew Pinsky. As trashy as its concept was, *Rehab*'s first season was surprisingly earnest, decent and, well, sober, especially as it chronicled the struggle and near breakdowns of former *Taxi* star Jeff Conaway. Being treated simply as people

rather than as stars (or pseudo stars) seemed for some like the first step to sobriety. *Celebrity Rehab* was as much rehab from celebrity as it was rehab for celebrities.

Even on less uplifting reality shows, the language of therapy is pervasive. Fox's lie-detector show, *The Moment of Truth*—in which players reveal hurtful secrets for money—is exploitative, garish and excruciating. But it is also essentially Dr. Phil in game-show form. Like a self-help talk show, *Truth* brings in family members to air dirty laundry, aiming for confrontation and catharsis. For every awful disclosure (a woman admits to having cheated on her husband), there's a sentimental moment (a father offers to become a bigger part of a grown child's life).

Now it's doubtful that *The Moment of Truth* actually helps anyone (though the payouts could buy a lot of psychotherapy). We don't know if *Supernanny* improves anyone's long-term parenting, and there are no longitudinal studies to show if *The Biggest Loser* extends life spans. But like diet books that promise to keep off the fat forever (or until the next diet book, whichever comes first), these shows play off the American ideal of self-reinvention, the confidence that perfection is just one more makeover or 12-step program away.

Thus the common thread on these shows: there are no external circumstances you cannot overcome by improving your internal attitude. On *The Biggest Loser*, weight loss is about positivity, not genes; on *Big Give*, your ability to better yourself is limited only by your willingness to help others; on Gunn's and Kressley's shows, your problem is not in your hips but in your head. We want the shows, like the Wizard of Oz, to tell us that we had courage, brains and heart inside us all along.

We might spend our entire lives trying to find those attributes, of course. But that's O.K. Because if we and our fellow humans were really perfectible, what would we ever watch on TV?

Couch Potatoes. The mental-makeover trend is the latest in a long and colorful history of televised therapy. Some of the key players ...



Dr. Bob Hartley He drew laughs—but wasn't much help



Dr. Ruth A pint-size therapist got us to talk about a big topic



Dr. Frasier Crane He scanned brain waves over the airwaves



Dr. Jonathan Katz He listened to comics' cartoony neuroses



Dr. Phil He's not afraid to judge you



Dr. Jennifer Melei She delved into Tony Soprano's dark mind



Dr. Paul Weston In *Treatment's* doc had his own problems

Alive and Kicking

Why Hong Kong kung-fu fighters Jackie Chan and Jet Li have outlasted a generation of Hollywood action stars

"WE CAN KILL EACH OTHER WHEN IT'S over," says Jackie Chan as the Drunken Master Lu Yan to Jet Li's Silent Monk in the new Asian-American fantasy film *The Forbidden Kingdom*. But when these honored veterans of Hong Kong martial-arts movies get into fighting mode, it's an open question as to whether they'll survive till the end of the shoot. (Chan ends each of his films with gruesome outtakes of the injuries he suffered doing his stunts.) For all the safety precautions taken, the two stars still have to give every fiber of their disciplined, battered bodies to get through the kung-fu scenes. It's what made them action stars to begin with: the willingness to display their physical gifts while undergoing something like physical torture. In a phrase, macho masochism.

So why is it that their careers have outlasted those of Western action stars? Chan has been in nearly 100 films since he did bit parts as a child actor. Li's been making movies nonstop for 26 years. Shouldn't their bodies, let alone their audiences, have given up by now? Steven Seagal made fewer than 20 features. Jean-Claude Van Damme had about a decade's worth of wide releases. Arnold Schwarzenegger managed 20 years of action stardom, and he's considered the gold standard.

Then there's the work. Contrast Chan's and Li's homemade, our-pain-for-your-gain, almost literally death-defying feats with those of Hollywood action stars from the same generation. Schwarzenegger, Sylvester Stallone, Chuck Norris—they all looked fit and muscular, and some had martial-arts backgrounds. But when it came time to do the heavy lifting,

It's what made them action stars: displaying their physical gifts while undergoing something like physical torture. In a phrase, macho masochism

especially as they reached midcareer, the doubles were usually called in.

It was not that these men lacked the guts to put themselves in danger but that they worked in a system in which that sort of bravado wasn't necessary or even allowed. Hong Kong saw action realism as a badge of honor; Hollywood was the fantasy factory. And its action-film stars were such valuable commodities, they had to be handled like preemies. The studios were



breeding these men for 20-to-30-year careers. Let them perform their most daring stunts? Nah, we have people who do that.

Today these one-time Hollywood studs are only occasionally doing action films, or they are working in the direct-to-DVD subbasement, or they have retired to government service. And Chan, 30 years after he became an East Asian star with *Drunken Master*, still has a two-continent career: Cantonese-language films at home, the *Rush Hour* movies here. Li, who became a Hong Kong superstar with the *Once upon a Time in China* series, segued to the West with hit movies in Hollywood (*Romeo Must Die*) and France (*Fearless*).

It's true that they're both a bit younger than Stallone or Norris; this month marks Chan's 54th birthday and Li's 45th. But the two stars have been training and punishing their bodies since they were kids. When he was 8, Chan went to live and learn at a draconian martial-arts school. By 11, Li was the star of China's junior wushu team; in 1974 he performed on the White House lawn for President Nixon. So Chan's and Li's real ages, in Hong Kong

action-movie years, are about 108 and 90, respectively. It's amazing that these guys can lift a fork, let alone a foot.

The actors whom Chan and Li most closely resemble are the comedy stars of early Hollywood: Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd, all on-stage since youth. In films full of physical derring-do, they prided themselves on executing their own graceful maneuvers and extravagant stunts. The other big silent-action hero, Douglas Fairbanks, was famous for his

perilous leaps between high structures. His reckless agility, as much as his radiant smile, made him a worldwide sensation.

When sound came in, Hollywood substituted talk for action. And when action films returned in the '70s (in part because of the success of Bruce Lee's Hong Kong epics), the stuntman system was firmly in place. Most stars of today's Hollywood action pictures, cosseted in visual effects, barely need to exert themselves at all.

Meanwhile, kicking, tumbling and sweating in *The Forbidden Kingdom*, Chan and Li continue to practically kill themselves for our pleasure. No wonder audiences are so loyal. They believe them. ■

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MOVIES

Brainiac Brawl. Ben Stein takes on the scientific establishment. Nobody wins



Duking It out with Darwin
This is about as close as the narrator and his subject get to seeing eye to eye

BY JEFFREY KLUGER

THERE IS NOTHING SO TIRESOME AS AN argument that no one will ever concede—particularly if the participants don't seem to know it. And there's no place the fighting is growing more pointless than in the ongoing smackdown between evolutionists and advocates of intelligent design—the theory that the emergence of life must have been guided by a sentient planner.

The latest shot is being fired by economist, actor and game-show host Ben Stein, with his documentary *Expelled: No Intelligence Allowed*, due out April 18. Stein nominally set out to make the case that academics who write about evolution are being muzzled or denied tenure if they so much as nod in the direction of intelligent design. It's impossible to know from the handful of examples he cites how widespread the problem is, but if there's anything to it at all, it's a matter well worth exposing.

The man made famous by Ferris Bueller, however, quickly wades into waters far too deep for him. He makes all the usual mistakes nonscientists make whenever they try to take down evolution, asking, for example, how something as complex as a living cell could have possibly arisen whole from the earth's primordial soup. The answer is it couldn't—and it didn't. Organic chemicals needed eons of stirring and slow cooking before they could produce compounds that could begin to lead to a living thing. More dishonestly, Stein employs the common dodge of enumerating all the admittedly unanswered questions in evolutionary theory and using this to refute the whole idea. But all scientific knowledge is built this way. A fishnet is made up of a lot more holes than

strings, but you can't therefore argue that the net doesn't exist. Just ask the fish.

It's in the film's final third that it runs entirely off the rails as Stein argues that there is a clear line from Darwinism to euthanasia, abortion, eugenics and—wait for it—Nazism. Theories of natural selection, it's claimed, were a necessary if not sufficient condition for Hitler's killing machine to get started. The truth, of course, is that the only necessary and sufficient condition for human beings to murder one another is the simple fact of being human. We've always been a lustily fratricidal species, one that needed no Charles Darwin to goad us into millenniums of self-slaughter.

In fairness to Stein, his opponents have hardly covered themselves in glory. Evolutionary biologists and social commentators have lately taken to answering the claims of intelligent design boosters not with clear-eyed scientific empiricism but with sneering, finger-in-the-eye atheism. Biologist P.Z. Myers, for example, tells Stein that religion ought to be seen as little more than a soothing pastime, a bit

Stein argues that there is a line from Darwinism to euthanasia, abortion, eugenics and—wait for it—Nazism

like knitting. Books such as Christopher Hitchens' *God Is Not Great* and Richard Dawkins' *The God Delusion* often read like pure taunting, as when Hitchens pettily and pointedly types *God* as lowercase *god*. Tautology as typography is not the stuff of deep thought. Neither, alas, is *Expelled*. ■

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MUSIC

Hilary Hahn *Schoenberg, Sibelius Violin Concertos*; out now

At the ripe age of 28, Hahn has been a world-class violinist for more than a decade. How much more potential she has is shown by this venturesome disc with Esa-Pekka Salonen and the Swedish Radio Symphony. Pairing the spiky Schoenberg and the brooding, soulful Sibelius, Hahn brings off both with dazzling pyrotechnics and a fierce lyricism. **A-**



The Brian Jonestown Massacre *My Bloody Underground*; out April 15

From the opening track (which refers to the prosthesis of a Beatle's ex-wife), it's clear bandleader Anton Newcombe is out to sway listeners with his trademark wounded obnoxiousness. It doesn't work, but his deeply narcotic instrumental pieces (and a few guitar riffs) may persuade you he's got more in him than vinegar and a head for publicity. **C+**



MOVIE

Street Kings Directed by David Ayer; rated R; now playing

From the dark, twisty mind of novelist James Ellroy comes this bracingly violent thriller about a tough cop (Keanu Reeves), his doting boss (Forest Whitaker) and the internal affairs guy (Hugh Laurie) who wants them both in cuffs. Dedication and corruption explode here like twin shotgun shells. It's mostly plausible, always smart and strong. **B+**



DVD

Lars and the Real Girl Directed by Craig Gillespie; written by Nancy Oliver; rated PG-13; out April 15

Gee, here's a movie wonder: a small town where everyone isn't bigoted, possessed or nuts. When the morbidly quiet Lars (Ryan Gosling) finds something like true love in the shape of a life-size doll, most of the locals are thrilled to pieces. A little poky and visually undistinguished, it has an intelligent heart that should lighten yours. **B**



Juno Directed by Jason Reitman; written by Diablo Cody; rated PG-13; out April 15

The surprise hit in last year's flood of comedies about young single women who didn't mean to get pregnant but decide to have the baby anyway, this Oscar-laureled movie reduces most of its characters to stock figures, all in need of getting one-upped by the sassy teen. By the film's end, it's clear it really should have declared a smug alert. **C**

WEB WATCH

The Five Best Blogs

WANT TO GET INTO THE blogosphere but don't know where to start? TIME.com sorts out the signal from the noise with its first blog index (time.com/bestblog). The Top 5:

1. THE HUFFINGTON POST

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2. LIFEHACKER

Full of tips, shortcuts, downloads, websites, do-it-yourself projects and how-tos for getting small things done and moving on with life.

3. METAFILTER

Still one of the best "you never know what you'll read today" destinations, it lets users contribute links highlighting interesting stuff he or she finds on the Web.

4. TREEHUGGER

The most complete of the hundreds of grassroots green blogs, it ranks among the top 20 blogs in traffic worldwide.

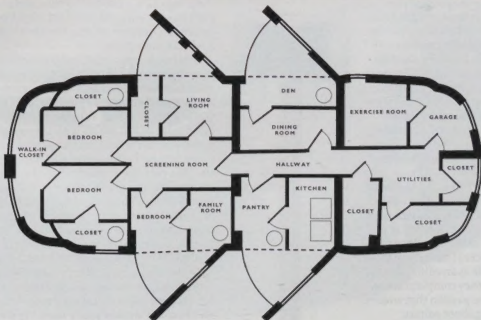
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Michael

Kinsley

Writers Rule! Whtevr u say, Mike, but this hedlin didnt get editd and thts why it readz like this

LIKE THE DETECTIVES AND THE PROSECUTORS ON *Law & Order*, two very different groups of people are responsible for the words that fill the world's magazines and newspapers. There are the writers, who produce the prose, and the editors, who do their best to wreck it.

Writers are sensitive souls—generally intelligent and hardworking but easily bruised. Treat them right, though, and you will be rewarded. Writers shape words into luminous sentences and the sentences into exquisitely crafted paragraphs. They weave the paragraphs together into a near perfect article, essay or review. Then their writing—their baby—is ripped untimely from their computers (well, maybe only a couple of weeks overdue) and turned over to editors. These are idiots, most of them, and brutes, with tin ears, the aesthetic sensitivity of insects, deeply held erroneous beliefs about your topic and a maddening conviction that any article, no matter how eloquent or profound or already cut to the bone, can be improved by losing an additional 100 words.

If you're lucky, your editor will have lost all interest in your article by the time you produce it, and on the way to a fancy expense-account lunch, he will pass it along unmolested to the copy editors (apprentice fiends, with intense views about semicolons). If you are not lucky, your editor will take a few minutes to ruin the piece with moronic changes and cloddish cuts before disappearing out the door.

I didn't always feel this way. (And even now, nothing here should be construed to apply to the editors of *TIME*, who edit with the care of surgeons, the sensitivity of angels and the wisdom of the better class of Supreme Court Justices.) I have spent most of my professional life as an editor. When editors get together, they complain about writers with the same passion that writers bring to complaining about editors.

Writers, they say, are whiny, self-indulgent creatures who spend too much time alone. They are egotistical, paranoid and almost always seriously dehydrated. Above all, they are spectacular ingrates. Editors save their asses, and writers do nothing but bitch about it. "If anyone saw the original manuscript from ..." (and you can insert the name of your favorite Pulitzer Prize-winning writer here) "... that guy

wouldn't get hired to clean the toilets at the Stockholm Public Library. Say, the Pulitzer is the one they give away in Scandinavia, isn't it? I better remember to change that in a piece we're running. The stupid writer says it's the Nobel. What would they do without us?"

Editors are selfless, editors believe. They labor in anonymity and take their satisfaction vicariously. The writer gets all the glory. He gets the big bucks. He gets invited to the parties, the openings, the symposia, while the editors toil at their desks turning the writer's random jottings and pretentious stylistic quirks into something resembling English prose. But that's O.K. Editors don't mind. They say, "Have a lovely time at that writers' conference, and we'll have the rewrite done when you get back." ("And your laundry too, you unappreciative bastard," they mumble under their breath.)

When I was an editor, I reasoned like an editor. But these days I am a full-time writer, and I have put away the editorial mind-set. Now I say, before you criticize writers, you should write a piece in their shoes.

Did you say paranoid? Is it paranoid to wonder why an editor hasn't returned your calls for two weeks, even though she has been sitting on your piece for four? Did you say egomaniacal? What self-respecting egomaniac would put up with the enraging powerlessness of the freelance writer, totally dependent on the whims of half-literate editors for a pathetic drip-drip-drip of income. Oh, for a regular paycheck and health care, so you wouldn't have to suck up to some jerk of an editor for the next mortgage payment. ("Yes, I see. You want it to be iambic pentameter with internal rhymes. I've never read an analysis of the political situation in Pakistan done that way before. What a good idea!")

So this is an apology to any writers I may have treated callously over my years as an editor. If I didn't answer your e-mail, I'm sorry. If the check was late or the amount less than agreed on, please forgive me. If I shut my office door, turned off the lights and hid under the desk when I heard you coming, I deeply regret such childish behavior.

On the Internet, they don't have editors. Or they don't have many. Writers rule, and a thought can go straight from your head onto the Net. That used to sound hellish. Now it sounds like heaven.



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